The dumbe Knight.

A hiſtoricall Comedy, acted ſundry times by the children of his Maie-ſties Reuels.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *John Busbe*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Popes-head Palace, neere to the Royall Exchange. 1608.

State 2

C. 34. d. 25

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A pleaſant Comedy, acted ſundry times by the children of his Maieſties Reuels.

Written by *Iarvis Markham.*

K.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the vnderstanding Reader.

RVMOR that Hydra headed Monster, wit more tongues then eyes: by help of intell gencer, enuy hath made strange miscon structions on this dumbe Knight which the could not answere for himselfe, but now th publication doth vnty his tongue, to answe the obiecti... of all sharp critticall sensure which heretofore haue vndeseruedly past vp on him. And for my part (I protest) the wrongs haue I receiued b some (whose worths I will not traduce) with a milde neglect haue laught at their follies, for I thinke my selfe happy, becaus I haue beene enuyde, since the best now in grace haue beene sub iect to some slanderous tongues that want worth themselues, an thinke it great praise to them to detract praise from other that deseru it, yet hauing a partner in the wrong, whose worth hath beene of ten approued, I count the wrong but halfe a wrong, because he knowes best how to answer for himselfe: But I now in his absence make this Apologie, both for him and me. Thus leauing you and th booke together, I euer rest yours.

Lewes Machin.

Act. Sce. 1. Muſicke.

Enter the King of Cypres, Phylocles, Florio, and attendants in armes.

Cypr.

INnough, theſe loud ſounds deafes my paſſions
How long ſhall loue make me a ſlaue to hope,
And mixe my calme deſires with tyranny?
O *Phylocles* t'is hereſie I hold,
Thought and affection cannot be controld.

Phy. Yet mai't be bent and ſuppled with extreames,
Sith few d are ſee the end of violence,
What makes the skilfull Leech to vſe the fire,
Or warre her engines, or ſtates policie,
But to recouer things moſt deſperate?
Reuolt is recreant when purſuit is braue,
neuer to faint doth purchaſe what we craue.

Cyp. True my *Phylocles*, yet my recreant ſoule,
Slaued to her beauty, would renounce all warre,
And yeeld her right to loue, did not thy ſpirit
Mixt with my longing, fortifie theſe armes.
But I am now reſolud and this ſad houre,
Shall giue an end to my diſemprature.
Summon a parley.

Enter a loft, the Queene of Sicille, the Duke of Epire, Alphonſo and attendants.

Queene. What ſaies our tyrant ſutor, our diſeaſe in loue,
That makes our thoughts a ſlaue vnto his ſword:
What ſaies my Lord?

Cyp. Madame attend me, this is my lateſt ſummons,
he many ſunnes, my ſorrowes haue beheld,
nd my ſad nights of longings, all through hope,
enioy the ioy of earth, (your owne deare ſelfe)
re growne ſo infinite in length and waight,
hat like a wearied Altlas, I in force,
heſe warres as *Hercules*, to beare my loade:
riefly I muſt enioy you, or elſe looſe
he breath of life, which to preuent, behold,
y ſword muſt be my *Cupid*, and with feathered ſteele,
orce pity from your breaſt, your Cities walles,
hidden with my Canons, haue ſet ope a path
nd boldly bids me enter, all your men of warre,
eebled with famine, and a weary ſiege,
ake danger from mine actions, onely your ſelfe,
trong in your will, oppoſe euen deſtiny:
nd like the giants warre offend the heauens,
hich to preuent, do but diſſend and giue
eace to my loue ſuit, and as orecome thereby:
le yeeld my ſelfe your priſoner, and be drawne,
thrall in your triumphant victory.
f otherwiſe, behold theſe fatall ſwords,
hall neuer be ſheath'd, til we be conquerours:
nd not reſpecting innocence nor ſexe,
he cries of infants, nor the prayers of age.
ll things ſhall periſh, till within my armes
ould your ſelfe my thrall and conquerour.

Qu. Thou maieſt be maiſter of my bodies Tombe
ut for my ſoule and minde, they are as free
s their creation: and with Angels wings
an ſoare beyond thy reach; truſt me king of *Cypres*
hoſe coales the Roman Portia did deuour,
re not burnt out, nor haueth Egiptian wormes,
et loſt their ſtings, ſteele holds his temper ſtill,
nd theſe are ranſomes from captiuity.
ut art thou noble, haſt thou one royall thought?

Cyp.

Cyp. Approue me by your queſtion.
Qu. Then briefly thus:
To ſhun the great effuſion of their bloods,
Who feele no touch in mine affections,
Dare you to ſingle combate, two to two,
Referre your right in loue?
Cyp. Who are your combatants? we loue equality.
Qu. This is the firſt, the Epyre duke, a man,
Sprung from the line, of famous *Scanderbag*:
The next *Alphonſo*, ſprung from noble bloud:
Who laden with rich luſitanian prize,
Hath rod through *Syracuſa* twice in pompe.
Cyp. Their likings to the motion.
Ep. They are like wrath,
Neuer vnarmd to beat weake iniur,.
Alp. Nay more, we are the ſonnes of deſtiny:
Vertu's our guide, our ayme is dignity.
Phy. S'foot king, ſhalt not forſake them: this I ſee,
Loue, fight, and death, are rul'd by deſtiny.
Cyp. My ſpirit ſpeakes thy motion.
Madame, although aduantage might euade,
And giue my loue more hope, yet my bent will,
Bowd to your pleaſure, doth imbrace your lawe,
We do accept the combate, and our ſelfe
Will with that Duke try fortunes, this my friend,
The more part of my ſelfe, me deereſt *Philoclos*,
One of an Angels temper, ſhall with that that Lord
Trie beſt and worſt. the place, the time, the ſword.
Epy. They are your rights, we claime as challengers.
Cyp. And we would loſe that vantage, but ſince fame
Makes vertue dulat, we embrace our rights:
The place before theſe walles, the houre next ſunne,
The pollax and the hand axe for the fight.
Qu. It is enough,
My hoſtage is my perſon and my loue.
Cyp. And mine my hope, my faith and royalty.

Cyp. They are of poysse sufficient, and one light
all at one instant, giue vs day and night.

Exeunt. Queene, Mariano, Alphonso.

Cyp. Shee's gone my *Philocles*; and as she goes euenso,
he sunne forsakes the heauens to kisse the sea,
ay in her beauty leaues vs, and methinkes,
r absence doth exile all happines.
ell me my *Philocles*, nay pray thee tell me true,
hen from that loue
hich to vs both should bend one sympathy:
ischarge an open breast, dost thou not thinke,
e is the mirrror of her beauteous sexe?
nparalleld, and vncompanioned.

Phi. Enuy will say shee's ra... truth must vow,
e is beyond compare, sith in her lookes,
ach motion hath a speaking maiesty,
e is herselfe, compared with her selfe:
or but her selfe, she hath no companion.
ut when I thinke of beauty, wit and grace,
he elements of actiue delicacy,
hose all eie-pleasing harmonies of sight
Which do inchant mens fancies, and stir vp
he life bloud of dull earth, O then methinkes,
aire *Mariana* hath an equall place
nd if not outshine, it shewes more beautifull.

Cyp. More then my Queene?

Phi. More in the glosse of beauty, lesse in worth,
f wisedome and great thoughts, the one I finde
as made for wonder, th'other for admire.

Cyp. Thine equall praises makes my fancies rich:
nd I am pleas'd with thy comparisons,
hings of like nature liue in best consent,
eauty with subiects, maiesty with Kings.
hen let those two Ideaes liuely moue,
pirit beyond all spirit, in our breasts,

That in the end of our great victory,
we may attaine both loue and maiesty.
Phy. Although my first creation and my birth,
My thoughts and other tempers of my soules,
Tooke all their noble beings from the sword,
And made me onely for the vse of warres:
Yet in this combate, something methinkes apeares,
Greater then greatest glory, and doth raise
My minde beyond her selfe,
S'foot methinkes *Cæsars* Pharsalia,
Nor *Scipios* Carthage, nor *Emilias* acts,
Were worthy chaires of triumph, they ore mens
Poore mangled bodies, and fire-wasted climes,
Made their triumphant passage, bv vo
Must conquer thoughts and loue, more then the gods can doe.
Cyp. True, and therein
Consists the glorious garland of our praise,
But we neglect th'affaires of preparation. *Florio* be it your charge
To see th'erection of the squared lists,
Fit ground for either army, and what else,
Belongs vnto such royall eminence.
Flo. How neere will your maiesties hand the lists extend
Vnto the Cities walles?
Cyp. So as the dullest eie,
May see the heedfulst passage in the fight.
Flo. What square or circuite?
Cyp. Threescore pace each wey.
Flo. Your maiesty shal haue your will perform'd.
Phy. Do, and you do vs grace; and now thou sunne,
That art the eye of heauen, whose pure sight,
Shall be our guide, and Ioues great Chronicler,
Looke from thy sphere,
No guilt of pride, of mallice or of blood,
Puts on our armour, onely pure naked loue
Tutors our hopes, and doth our actions moue.
Cyp. Enough my *Philocles*, thine orizons are heard.

come lets away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lollia, *the wife of* Prat *the Orator.*

Lol. Now fy vpon't, who would be an Orators wife, and not a Gentlewoman if she could chuse? a Lady is the most sweet lasciuious life, nieyes and kisses, the tire, O the tire, made castell vpon castell, iewell vpon iewell, knot vpon knot, crownes, garlands, gardins, and what not? the hood, the rebato, the french fall, the loose bodyed gowne, the sinne in the haire, now clawing the pate, then picking the teeth, and euery day change, when we poore soules must come and goe for euery mans pleasure, and what's a Lady more then another body? we haue legges and hands, and rouling eies, hanging lips, sleeke browes, cherie cheekes, and other things as Ladies haue, but the fashion carries it way. *Enter Mistresse* Collaquintida.

Col. Why how now Mistresse *Prat*? i'the old disease still, will it neer be better, cannot a woman finde one kind man amongst twentie? O the daies that I haue seene, when the lawe of a womans wit, could haue put her husbands purse to execution.

Lol. O Mistresse *Collaquintida*, mine is euen the vnnaturalleſt man to his wife.

Col. Faith for the most part, all schollers are so: for they take so vpon hē to know al things, that indeed they know nothing: & besides, they are with study and ease, growne so vnweldy, that a woman shall neare want a sore stomacke that's troubled with them.

Lol. And yet they must haue the gouernment of all.

Col. True, and great reason they haue for it, but a wise man will put it in a womans hand, what? shee'le saue what he spends.

Lol. You haue a pretty ruffe, how deep is it?

Col. Nay this is but shallow, marry I haue a ruffe is a quarter deep, measured by the yeard.

Lol. Indeed, by the yeard?

Col. By the standard I assure you: you haue a pretty set too, how big is the steele you set with?

Lol. As big as a reasonable sufficient; pitty of my life, I haue forgot my selfe, if my husband should rise from his study, and misse me, wee should haue such a coile.

Co. A coyle, why what coyle? if he were my husband and did t
thwart mee, I would ring him ſo many alarums, ſound him ſo ma
braſſe trumpets, beate him ſo many drums to his confuſion, a
thunder him ſuch a peale of great ſhot, that I would turne his bra
in the panne, and make him madde with an eternall ſilence.

Lo. O miſtreſſe *Coloquintida*, but my husbands anger is the wo
fauouredſt without all conſcience of any mans in all Sicilie, he is eue
as peeuiſh as a ſick munkie, and as waſpiſh as an ill pleaſd bride t
ſecond morning.

Co. Let your wrath be reciprocall, and pay him at his owne we
pon: but to the purpoſe for which I came, the party you wote o
commends him to you in this diamond, hee that met the party yo
know, and ſaid the parties partie was a party of a partly pretty vnde
ſtanding.

Lo. O the Lord, *Alphonſo*.

Co. The very ſame beleeue it, he loues you, and ſweares he ſo lou
you, that if you doe not credit him you are worſe then an infidell.

Lo. Indeede miſtreſſe *Coloquintida*, he hath the right garbe for ap
parell, the true touch with the tongue in the kiſſe, and he dances we
but falles heauily: but my husband woman, my husband, if we coul
put out his cattes eies, there were ſomething to be ſaid, but they are
uer peeping & prying that they are able to pierce through a milſton
beſides: I may ſay to you, he is a little iealous too, and ſee where he
comes, wee ſhall haue a coyle now.

Enter Prate the Orator.

Co. Begin you to pout firſt, for thats a womans preuention.

Pra. What *Lollia* I ſay, where are you, my houſe lookes you, m
men lack you, I ſeeke you, and a whole queſt of inquiry cannot find
you, fy, fy, fy, fy, Idlenes is the whip of thrift, a good huſwife ſhoul
euer be occupied?

Lo. Indeede I haue much ioy to bee occupied in any bodies com
pany.

Prate. Why, whats the matter?

Lo. Why Orators wiues ſhortly will bee knowne like images o
water ſtaires, euer in one wetherbeaten ſuite, as if none wore hoode
but Monkes and Ladies, nor feathers but fore-horſes and waiting gen
tlewo

ewomen, nor chaines but prisoners and Lords officers, nor perri-
igs but players and hotte braines, but the weakest must to the walles
ill.

Prate. Go to, you shall haue what you will.

Lo. Nay nay, 'twas my hard fortune to be your wife, time was I
ight haue done otherwise, but it matters not, you esteeme me as you
oe your selfe, and thinke all things costly enough that couers shame,
nd that a paire of silken foresleeues to a satten brestplate, is a garment
ood enough for a capitoll: but is master *Wrangle*, master *Tangle*, or
aster *Trobleare* of that opinion? in faith sir no.

Ther's neuer a gallant in our state
hat goes more rich in gaudy brauery:
nd yet I hope for quality of speech,
udacious words or quirkes or quidities,
ou are not held their much inferiour.
y, fy, I am asham'd to see your baseneſſe.

Co. Indeede master *Prate* she telles you truly; I wonder that you
eing a proper man and an Orator will not go braue, according to the
ustome of the country.

Prate. Go to neighbour, he that wil rise to the top of a high ladder
must goe vp, not leape vp: but be patient wench, and thou shalt short-
y see me gallant it with the best, and for thy selfe my *Lollia*,
Not *Lollia Paulina*, nor those blasing starres,
Which makes the world the Apes of Italy:
Shall match thy selfe in sun-bright splendency.

Lo. Nay, verily for my selfe I care not, tis you that are my pride, if
ou would goe like your selfe I were appeasd.

Prate. Beleeue it wench so I will, but to the purpose for which I
ame, the end of this great warre is now brought to a combate, two to
wo, the Duke of *Epyre* and *Alphonso* for our Queene against the King
and Prince *Philocles*: now wench if thou wilt goe see the fight, I will
send and prouide thee of a good standing.

Lo. Indeede, for you haue here a good one of your owne.

Prate. What, *President* I say?

Pre. Anon, anon sir.

Prate. Why when I say, the villains bellie is like a bottomlesse pit, euer filling and yet emptie, at your leasure sir.

Enter President Prates man eating.

Pre. I can make no more haste then my teeth will giue mee leaue.

Prate. Well sir, get you without the towne, to the place for the combate, and prouide me for my wife some good standing, to see the conflict.

Pre. How master how, must I prouide a good standing for you for my mistresse? truly Master I thinke a marybone pye, candi'd eringoes, preseru'd dattes, or marmalade of cantharides were much better harbingers, cock sparrowes ste[illegible] doues brai[illegible]es or swannes pizels are very prouocatiue, roast [illegible]otatoes, or boild skerrets are your onely lofty dishes, me thinks these should fit you better then I can doe.

Prate. Whats this, whats this I say? prouide mee a standing for my wife vpon a scaffold.

Pre. And truely Master, I thinke a priuat chamber were better.

Prate. I graunt you, if there were a chamber conuenient.

Pre. Willing minds will make shift in a simple hole, close windowes, strong locks, hard bed and sure posts, are your onely ornaments.

Prate. I thinke the knaue be madde, sirra you chop logicke, blockhead, you that haue your braine panne made of dry leather, & your wit euer wetshod: pack about your businesse, or Ile pack your pen and inckhorne about your eares.

Pre. Well sir, I may go or so, but would my mistresse take a standing of my preferment, I would so mount her, shee should loue strange things the better all her life after.

Prate. Why when sir.

Exit President.

And come sweete wife, nay neighbour let vs haue your company too.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter at one dore a Herald, and Floria marshall for the King, with officers bearing the lists, at the other dore a herald and Cœlio marshall for the Queene.

Ce. Holla, what are you?
Flo. High marshall for the King, your Character.
Ce. I likewise for the Queene, where lies your equall ground?
Flo. Here vnderneath these walles, and there and there ground for the battailes.
Ce. Place there the Queenes seate,
And there and there chaiers for the combatants.
Flo. Place here the lists, fixe euery ioint as strong
As 'twere a wall, for on this foote of earth
This day shall stand two famous monuments,
The one a throne of glory brig... as gold,
Burnisht with angels luster, and with starres,
Pluckt from the crowne of conquest, in which shall sit
Men made halfe Gods through famous victory:
The other a rich tombe of memorable fame,
Built by the curious thoughts of noble mindes,
In which shall sleepe these valiant soules in peace,
Whom Fortunes hand shall only ouerthrow.
Heauen in thy Palme, this day the ballance hings,
Which makes Kings Gods, or men more great then Kings.
Ce. So now let the heralds giue the champions signe
Of ready preparations. *Exeant Herralds.*

The cornets sound, and enter at one end of the stage a Herald, two pages, one with pollaxes, the other with hand axes, the Duke of Epyre, and Alphonso like combatants, the Queene and Mariana and Prate, Lollia, Coloquintida, and President aloft.

Flo. What are you that appeare, and what deuoyre
Drawes you within these lists?
Epy. I am the Duke of Epyre, and the mine
Which doth attract my spirit to run this marshall course,

Is

Is the faire guard of a diſtreſſed Queene,
Would wedde to hate and in equality and brutiſh force,
Which to withſtand I boldly enter thus,
And will defaile, or elſe proue recreant.

Flo. And what are you or your intendiments?

Alp. I am *Alphonſo* marſhall of this realme,
Who of like tempered thoughts and like deſires,
Haue grounded this my ſanctimonious zeale,
And will approue the Dukes aſſertions,
Or in this field lie ſlaine and recreant.

Flo. Enter and proſper as your cauſe deſerues.

The cornets ſound, and enter at the other end of the ſtage a Herald, two Pages with axes and pollaxes. then the king of Cypres and Philocles, like combatants and their Army.

Ce. What are you that appeare, and what deuoyre
Drawes you within theſe liſts?

Cy. I am the King of *Cyprès*, who led on
By the diuine inſtinct of heauenly loue,
Come with my ſword to beg that royall maid,
And to approue by gift of heauen and fate
She is a'one to me appropriate:
Which to maintaine I challenge entrance here,
Where I will liue a King or recreant.

Ce. And what are you or your intendiments?

Phi. I am leſſe then my thoughts, more then my ſelfe,
Yet nothing but the creature of my fate,
By name my nature onely is obſcur'd,
And yet the world baptiſ'd me *Philocles*.
My entrance here is proofe of holy zeale,
And to maintaine that no ſeuere diſdaine,
Falſe ſhape of chaſtitie, nor womans will,
Neglectiue petulãce, or vncertaine hope,
Foule vizard coynes, nor ſeducing fame
Should rob the royall temper of true loue

on the desired aime of his desires,
hich my best bloud shall witnesse, or this field
tombe my body made a recreant.
Ce. Enter and prosper as your cause deserues. *Drawes 2 swords.*
Flo. Princes, lay your hands on these swords points
ere you shall sweare by hope, by heauen, by loue;
nd by the right you challenge in true fame,
hat here you stand not arm'd with any guile,
alignant hate, or vsurpation
f philters charmes, of nightspels characters,
r other blacke infernall vantages,
ut euen with thoughts as pure
s your pure vallures, or the sunnes pure beames,
approue the right of pure affection;
nd howsoe're your fortunes ..... fall,
o breake no faith in your conditions,
o help you loue.
Al. We sweare.
Qu. How often doth my maiden thoughts correct
nd chide my froward will, for this extreame
ursuit of bloud! beleeue me, faine I would
ecall mine oathes vow, did not my shame
old fast my cruelty, by which is taught
hose gems are prized best, are deerest bought,
eep my loues softnes then, waken my flame,
Which guards a vestall sanctity; Princes behold,
pon those weapons sits my God of loue,
nd in their powers my loues seuerity.
f them you conquere, we are all your slaues,
f they triumph, weele mourne vpon your graues.
Ma. Now by my maiden modesty I wish
ood fortune to that *Philocles*, my minde
resages vertue, in his eaglets eies.
foot he lookes like a sparrow hauke, or a wanton fire
flash of lightning, or a glimpse of day,
is eie steales to my heart, and lets it see

More then it would, peace, blab no secresie,
He must haue blowes.

Flo. Sound cornets, Princes respect your guards.

Heere they fight, and Philocles ouerthrowes Alphonso, and Epyre ouerthrowes Cypres.

Phi. I craue the Queenes conditions, or this blow
Sends this afflicted soule to heauen or hell.
Speake madame, will you yeeld or shall he die?

Epy. Neither bould Prince, if thou but touch a haire,
The kings breath shall redeeme it; madame your loue
Is safe in angels guarding, let no feare
Shake hands with doubtfulnesse, you are as safe
As in a tower of Diamonds.

Phi. O t'is but glasse,
And cannot beare this axes massinesse.
Duke, thy braue words that second thy braue deedes,
Fils me with emulation, onely we two
Stand equall victors; then if thou hast that tie
And bond of well knit valure, which vnites
Vertue and fame together, let vs restore
Our captiues vnto freedome, and we two,
In single combate trie out the mastery.
Where whoso falles each other, shall subscribe
To euery clause in each condition.

Epy. Thou art the index of mine ample thought,
And I am pleas'd with thine election.
Speake madame, if euer I deserued grace,
Grace me with your consent.

Qu. T'is all my will.
Thy noble hand erect and perfit me.

Phi. What saies his maiesty?
My starres are writ in heauen, nor death nor fate
Are slaues to feare, to hope or human state.

Cyp. I neither feare thy fortune nor my ruine;
But hold them all beyond all prophesie.

Thou haſt my free conſent, and on thy power
Lies my liues date or my deaths hower.
Epy. Then riſe and liue with ſafety.
Phi. *Alphonſo*, here my hand,
Thy fortune lends thy peace no infamy.
And now thou glorious iſſue of Ioues braine,
That burnt the *Telamonian* Rauiſher,
Looke from thy ſpheare, and if my heart containe
An impure thought of luſt, ſend thy monſters forth
And make me more then earthly miſerable.

Here the cornets ſound, they fight, and Philocles ouercomes the Duke, the Queene defends.

Phi. Yeld, recant or dye.
Epy. Thine axe hath not the power to wound my thought,
And yeelds a word my tongue could neuer ſound,
I ſay th'art worthy valiant, for my death;
Let the Queene ſpeake it, tis an eaſie breath.
Qu. Not for the worlds large circuite, hold gentle Prince,
Thus I doe pay his ranſome, lowe as the ground,
I tender mine vnſpotted virgin loue,
To thy great willes commandement, let not my care
My woman ty rannie, or too ſtrict guard,
In bloudy purchaſe take away thoſe ſweetes
Till now haue gouernd your amazd deſires:
For truſt me king, I will redeeme my blame,
With as much loue, as *Philocles* hath fame.
Cy. Thus comes a calme vnto a Sea-wract ſoule,
Eaſe to the pained, foode vnto the ſtaru'd,
As you to me my beſt creation.
Truſt me my Queene, my loues large chronicle
Thou neuer ſhalt ore-read, becauſe each day
It ſhall beget new matter of amaze:
And liue to doe thee grace eternally,
Next whom my *Philocles* my bounteous friend,

Author of life, and ſoueraigne of my loue,
My heart'ſhall be thy throne, thy breaſt the ſhrine,
Where I will ſit to ſtudy gratefulnes
To you and you my Lords, my beſt of thoughts,
Whoſe loues haue ſhewd a dutious carefulnes,
To all free thankes and graces, this vnity
Of loue and kingdomes, is a glorious ſight.
Mount vp the royal Champion, muſicke & cornets ſound,
Let ſhours and cries make heauen and earth rebound. *Exeunt.*

Epy. How like the ſunnes great baſtard ore the world,
Rides this man mounted engine, this proud prince
And with his breath ſindges our continents,
Sit faſt proud *Phaeton*, for by heauen ile kicke
And plunge thee in the ſea: if thou'lt needes ride,
Thou ſhouldſt haue made thy ſeat vpon a ſlaue,
And not vpon mine honours firmament.
Thou haſt not heard the God of wiſedomes tale,
Nor can thine youth curbe greatnes, till my hate,
Confound thy life with villaine policy.
I am reſolu'd ſince vertue hath diſdaind
To cloath me in her riches, henceforth to proue
A villaine fatall, blacke and ominous:
Thy vertue is the ground of my diſlike:
And my diſgrace, the edge of enuies ſword,
Which like a raſor ſhall vnplumbe thy creſt;
And rob thee of thy natiue excellence,
When great thoughts giue their homage to diſgrace
Thers's no reſpect of deedes, time, thoughts or place.

Act. 2. Sce. 1. Muſicke.

Enter Prat, Lollia, Colloquintida, and Preſident.

Prat.

COme wife, me thought our partie ſtood ſtifly to it.

Preſ. Indeed they were ſtiffe whileſt they ſtood, but when they

ere downe, they were like men of a low world, a man might haue ound their worſt anger about his finger.

Lol. Goe to ſirra, you muſt haue your fooles bolt in euery bodies uiuer.

Pre. Indeed miſtreſſe, if my maſter ſhould breake his arrow with oule ſhooting or ſo, I would bee glad if mine might ſupply the hole.

Prat. I find you kinde ſir.

Pre. True ſir, according to my kinde, and to pleaſure my kinde Miſtreſſe.

Prat. Go to ſirra, I will not haue your kindnes to intermeddle with er kinde, ſhe is meate for your maſter.

Pre. And your man ſir, may licke your foule trencher.

Col. I but not eate of his [illegible].

Pre. Yet I may deep my bread in the woole, Miſtreſſe *Colloquintida.*

Prat. Goe to ſirra, you will bee obſcene, and then I ſhall knocke ou; but to the combate, me thought our ſide were the more proper men.

Lol. True, and therefore they had the worſe fortune: but ſee heere s the Lord *Florio.* *Enter Florio.*

Flo. Maſter Orator, it is the King and Queenes maieſties plea- ure, that you preſently repaire vnto the Court, touching the draw- ng out of certaine Articles for the benefite of both the king- domes.

Prat. My Lord, I will inſtantly attend their maieſties.

Flo. Doe, for they expect you ſeriouſly. *Exit Florio.*

Prat. Wiſe you can haue my ſeruice no longer. Sirra, Preſident, ttend you vpon your miſtreſſe home: and wife, I would haue you o hold your iourney directly homeward, and not to imitate prin- ces in their progreſſe, ſtep not out of your way to viſit a new goſſip, to ſee a new garden-houſe, to ſmell the perfumes of Court erkins, or to handle other tooles then may fit for your modeſtie: I would not haue you to ſtep into the Suburbs, and acquaint your ſelfe either with monſters or motions, but holding your way directly homeward, ſhew your ſelfe ſtill to bee a rare houſ- wife.

Lol.

Lol. I'faith, I'faith, your blacke out-side will haue a yellowe li ning.

Prat. Content thee wife, it is but my loue that giues thee good counsaile. But here comes one of my clients.

Enter Drap, a country Gentleman.

Drap. Sir, maſter Orator, I am bold to trouble you about my ſuit.

Prat. Si, Mr. country gentleman I am now for preſent buſines of the kings.

Dra. You may the better remember me.

Pra. Hey day, I ſhall mixe your buſineſſe with the kings.

Dra. No but you may let his maieſtie know my neceſſity.

Pra. Sir, ſir, you muſt not confine me to your ſeaſons, I tell you I will collect mine owne leaſures.

Enter Veloups a Citizen.

Ve. Maſter Orator, is it your pleaſure I attend you about my diſpatches?

Pra. Sir, it is my pleaſure you diſpatch your ſelfe from mine incumbrance, I tell you I am for inſtant buſineſſe of the Kings.

Ve. Sir, I haue borne mine attendance long.

Pra. Beare it till your bones ake, I tell you I cannot beare it now, I am for new buſines.

Dra. Ve. Yet the old would be diſpatcht, it was firſt paid for.

Prat. If you be gentlemen do not make me mad.

Dra. Ve. Sir, our ſuits are of great waight.

Prat. If you be Chriſtians do not make me an Atheiſt, I ſhall prophane if you vex me thus. *Enter the Lord Mechant.* What more vexation? my Lord, my Lord, ſaue your breath for your broth, I am not now at leaſure to attend you.

Me. A word good Mr. Orator.

Prat. Not a word I beſeech your Lordſhip, I am for the Kings buſineſſe, you muſt attend me at my chamber. *Exit Prat.*

Me. Dra. Ve. And euery where elſe, wee will not leaue you. *Exeunt.*

Pre. Now methinkes my maſter is like a horſe-leech, and theſe ſutors ſo many ſicke of the gout, that come to haue him ſuck their blood: O t'is a mad world.

Lol. Goe to ſirra, you will neuer leaue your crabtree ſimilies; but

ut pity of me who haue we heare? *Enter Alphonso.*
O t'is the Lord *Alphonso.*

Alph. Mistresse God saue: nay your lip I am a stranger; & how doth Mistresse *Colloquintida*, O you are an excellent seasoner of city stomackes.

Col. Faith my Lord I haue done my best to make somebody relish your sweet meates; but harke you my Lord, I haue strucke the stroak, I haue done the deed, there wants nothing but time, place and her consent.

Alp. Call you that nothing?

Col. A trifle, a trifle, vpon her, vpon her my Lord, she may seeme a little rough at the first; but if you stand stifly to her, shee'le fall; a word with you Mr. *President.* *They whisper.*

Alp. Mistresse *Prat*, I am a Souldier, and can better act my loue then speake it, my suit you know by your neighbour, my loue you shall proue by my merit, to both which my tokens haue bin petty witnesses and my body shal seale & deliuer vpon thee such a braue confirmatiō, that not all the Orators in Sicill shall bee able to cancell the deede.

Lol. Truely my Lord, methinkes you being witty should bee honest.

Alph. Nay wench, if I were a foole, ther's no question but I would be honest; But to the purpose, say wench, shall I enioy, shall I possesse?

Lol. To enioy my loue, is not to possesse my body.

Alp. Tut wench, they be words of one signification, and cannot be separated.

Lol. Nay then I should wrong my husband.

Alp. S'foot, thou shouldest but do for him as he does for the whole world; why an Orator were a needle name, if it were not to defend wrong: then wench, do as he doth, write by a president.

Lol. O my Lord, I haue a husband,
A man whose waking iealousie suruiues,
And like a Lion, sleepes with open eies;
That not a minute of mine houres are free
From the intelligence of his secret spies.
I am a very toward *Danae*

Thorow

Thorow whose roofe, suspition will not let,
Gold showers haue passage, nor can I deceiue,
His *Argus* eies, with any policy;
And yet I sweare I loue you.
Al. Death of affection, if thou lou'st me, as thou saiest thou dost,
Thou canst inuent some meanes for our delight.
The rather sith it euer hath beene said,
That walles of brasse withstand not willing mindes:
And women when th'are prone make loue admir'd;
For quaint indeuours, come instruct thy wit:
And finde some scale to our hie hight of blisse.
Lol. Then breefly thus my Lord.
To morrow doth the Senate sit to iudge,
Causes both criminall and of the state;
Where of necessity my husbands [illegible],
Must be fild by himselfe, because his tongue,
Must guild his clients causes. Now if you please,
All that selfe houre, when he is turmoil'd,
About those serious trifles, to vouchsafe
To visit me, his absence and my care
Shall giue vs libertie of more delight.
You know my meaning, and I am asham'd
My loue should thus betray my modesty;
But make the vse according to your fancy.
Alp. What houre assures his absence?
Lol. Eight is the lateste time.
Alp. This kisse leaue my faith with thee, farewell.
Th'ast giuen me double glory from thy breath,
Nothing shall lose me time but certaine death. *Exit Alp.*
Pre. Truely Mistresse *Collaquintida*, you are an excellent peece o
sweet gall.
Lol. Well sir, will you lead the way homeward?
Pre. To your bed chamber mistresse, or your priuie lodging.
Exeunt

Enter Philocles alone.

Phi. A night clad in blacke mournes for the losse of day,

d hides the siluer spangles of the aire,
at not a sparke is left to light the world,
hil'st quiet sleep the nourisher of life
kes full possession on mortality.
l creatures take their rest in soft repose
ue malecontents, and we accursed louers,
hose thoughts perturbed, makes vs passions slaue:
d robs vs of the iuice of happinesse.
eere *Mariana*, shapt in an Angels mould,
ou thral'st my senses, and inflam'st my blood,
ue, power, by wisedome cannot bee withstood.
t see the morning starre breakes from the East,
tell the world her great eie is awak't
take his iourney to the westerne vales:
d now the court begins to rise with him.

Here passes ouer the stage a Physitian, a Gentleman Vsher, and a waiting maide.

ere goes the Physitian, the waiting maid,
d a fine straight leg'd Gentleman Vsher,
e preface to a kirtill all puffe past.
e that writes sonnets in his Ladies praise,
d hides her crimes with flattering poesie. *Enter Marian.*
t peace amazement, see the day of life,
tures best worke, the worlds chiefe paragon.
adame one word.
Ma. I; so now farewell.
Phi. You do mistake me.
Ma. That your selfe can tell,
u ask't me one word, which I gaue, said I,
word of least vse in a virgins breath,
ge not my patience then with fond reply.
Phi. Deere Lady lend an eare vnto my voice
h each were made for others happines:
y tong's not oild with courtly flatterings,

Nor

Nor can I paint my paſsions to the life;
But by that power which ſhapt this heauenly forme,
I am your bond-ſlaue, forc'd by loues command,
Then let ſoft pitty with ſuch beauty dwell.
Madame I loue you.

Ma. As I am a virgin ſo do I.

Phi. But Madame whom?

Ma. My ſelfe, no Lady better.

Phi. But will you loue me?

Ma. No by my chaſtity.

Phi. I hope you do but ieſt.

Ma. Nay ile keep mine oath,
Men ſhall abandon pride and iealouſie
Ere ile be bound to their captiuity,
They ſhall liue continent, and leaue to range,
But men like to the moone, each month muſt change.
Yet we muſt ſeeke that naught their ſight diſpleaſes,
And mixe our wedlock ſweetes with loathd diſeaſes:
When we conſume our ſelues and our beſt beauty,
All our reward is why, t'was but our duty.

Phi. Iudge not ſo hard of all for ſome offendors;
For you are ſubiect to the ſelfe ſame crimes,
Of men and women alwaies haue bene had
Some good of each.

Ma. But for the moſt part bad:
Therefore ile haue none at all but die a perfit maide.

Phi. That humour like a flower ſoone will fade,
Once did mine owne thoughts ſing to that delight,
Till loue and you reformd my barbarouſneſſe:
Therefore deere Lady, pitty my wounded heart.

Ma. A Surgeon here for this loue-wounded man.
How deep's your vlcerd orifice, I pray you tell?

Phi. Quite thorow my heart.

Ma. T'is ſtrange and looke ſo well;
Yet Ladies eies haue power to murder men,
And with one ſmile to make them whole agen.

chilles launce to a haire, but doe you loue me prince?
Phi. Better then my ſoule.
Ma. Would I could loue you.
Phi. Madame ſo you may.
Ma. As yet I cannot, therefore let me goe.
Phi. O do not leaue me, grant me but one requeſt,
And here I vow by that diuineſt power,
The ſalt-ſeas glorious iſſue, whoſe bright ſpheare
Rules my ſick heart, and knowes my chaſt intent,
That if you pleaſe t'impoſe on me that taske
Which neither man nor monſter can atchieue,
Which euen Angels haue a dread to touch,
Deedes which outſtretch all poſſibility,
S'foot more then can be thought- and i'le effect,
Or elſe i'le periſh in th'accompliſhment.
Ma. Let your requeſt fit virgin modeſty,
And you obey your vow, I am content
To giue your thoughts contented happineſſe.
Phi. T'is but a kiſſe I aske, a minutes ioy.
Ma. Now *Cupid* help thee, is thy griefe for this,
Keep thy ſtrong vow,& freely take a kiſſe. *He kiſſes her.*
Phi. I haue obtaind my heauen, and in this touch,
I feele the breath of all delitiouſneſſe:
Then freely giue the ſentence of my worke,
Muſter vp all the engins of your wit,
Teach *Iuno* rules beyond malitiouſneſſe,
What eare it be, i'le die but i'le performe it.
Ma. Thou ſhalt not kil thy ſelfe, nor fight with monſters,
Nor bring the great Turkes bird to ſhew thy zeale:
Thy life thou ſhalt not hazard for my loue,
Nor will I tie thee to an endleſſe taske,
But euen with eaſe, and gentle tangled knots,
Thou ſhalt vntwind thy clew of miſeries,
Phi. Let it haue paſſage, madame giue me my doome.
Ma. Then *Philocles* knit ſilence to my words,
And marke thy doome: for thus my ſtrickter will

Loads

Loads griefe vpon thy vainer leuity.
Hence for the ſpace and compaſſe of one yeare
Thou ſhalt abiure the liberty of ſpeech,
Thou ſhalt not ſpeake for fully twelue months ſpace,
For friend nor foe, for danger nor for death;
But liue like aire, with ſilent emptineſſe.
Breake thou this vow, i'le hold thee for a villaine:
And all the world ſhall know thy periury.
Phi. Be heauen and earth a witneſſe of my vow,
And mine eternall ſilence, I am dumbe.
Ma. Why ſo, now ſhal I not be troubled with vaine chat
Or idle prate of idle wantonneſſe:
For loue I cannot, therefore tis in vaine,
Would all my ſutors tongues I thus could raine,
Then ſhould I liue free from vain ſighes and groanes,
With O take pitty, tis your ſeruant moanes,
And ſuch harſh ſtuffe, that frets me to the heart:
And ſonnets made of *Cupids* burning dart.
Of *Venus* lip, and *Iunoes* maieſtie.
Then were I freed from fooles and foolerie.
In May the cuckoe ſings, then sheel'e come hither,
Her voice and yours will rarely tune together.
Exit Mariana. Enter Florio.
Flo. Prince *Philocles*, the king would ſpeake with you: *Speakes lou*
Prince *Philocles*, the king would ſpeake with you, *der & londe*
Prince *Philocles*, the king would ſpeake with you.
Philocles ſtrikes Florio and fels him.
Flo. The pox rot off your fingers for this blow,
It is coronation day, thorow all my ſcull,
Theres ſuch a fatall ringing in my braine,
Has woone the ſelt, has laid fiue fingers on;
But twas a knauiſh part of him to play ſo.
Heare me you Gods for this my open wrong,
Make ſhort his fingers as you haue his tongue. *Exit Flo.*
Enter Meſchant alone:
Me. Tis not mans fortune, enuy or neglect,

whic

Which makes him miserable, but tis meane fate,
uen sole predestination, a firme gift,
ixt to his birth, before the world was made,
or were it otherwise, then within our liues,
Ve should finde some distractions, errours change,
nd other toies of much vncertaintie:
ut my mishaps are fixt so to my blood,
hey haue no fire but my creation:
he Queene out of suspition that my loue,
irst set an edge vpon the Kings desires,
nd made him wooe her with a victors sword,
asts me from fauour, seazes all my lands,
nd turnes my naked fortunes to the cold.
he King made proud with purchase of his wish
eglects my sufferance for him, and ore lookes,
he low-tide of my fortunes; lest my woes
hould speake my wrongs to his ingratitude;
he whil'st those lords whose supple hams haue bow'd
o doe me formal reuerence, now despise
nd sleight me in their meanest compliments:
O tis a torment more then hell yet knowes
o be an honest flatterer, or to liue
saint in *Limbo*, which that I may preuent,
e be nor best nor worst, but all indifferent.
ut here comes a noble man, I must turne petitioner. *Enter Florio.*
y Lord, may I not see the king?

Flo. You may not.

is maiestie is now downe prest with seriousnesse:
s for your suit it is with *Prat* the Orator.
heard his highnesse giue him a speciall charge
or your dispatch with fauour.

Me. O but he doth neglect,
nd sleights me like his weake orations,
nd by your Lordships leaue, I do not thinke
is wisedome worthy of the conference.

Flo. Nay if you will correct the kings coyne you are not for my conference

ference, Fare you well. *Exit Florio.*
Me. Why, and fare you well, S'foot this is more then ſtrange,
That being grieu'd I may not ſay i'me paind. *Enter Alphonſo*
But heere comes another: Mine honorable Lord
May I not haue ſome conference with the king?
Alp. You may not, buſineſſe of greater waight
Imports both him and vs: nay pray you ceaſe;
As for your ſuit tis with the Orator.
Me. Yet methinkes twere meet
Alp. That you would rather trouble him then me.
Me. Its ſtrange.
Alp. Its ſtrange indeed, to ſee you wrong your eaſe.
I am not now for idle conferences, adiew. *Exit Alph.*
Me. Why this is court grace to m[illegible]n in miſery,
And thus theſe taile-leſſe Lions with their roare,
Affright the ſimple heard: O I could now
Turne rebell 'gainſt their pride. *Enter Epire.*
But heere comes the Duke:
My gratious Lord, vouchſafe to heare my griefes.
Epy. For Gods loue ceaſe your trouble, wee are all
Troubled with griefes of ſtranger qualities.
Me. Words are no heauy burthen.
Epy No, had I no other waight;
But we are all downe preſt with other poiſe:
As for your ſuit it is refer'd to *Prat*:
And he muſt giue you faire diſpatch with fauour;
VVhich if he ſleight for enuy or for bribe,
Repaire to me, and I will not forget
To giue you eaſe, and chide his negligence.
Meane ſpace I pray you leaue me, for we all
Are troubled now with greateſt miracles.
Me. Your grace doth do me comfort, and I will
Study with ſeruice to deſerue your fauours,
And ſo I take my leaue. *Exit Meſhant.* *Enter 2 Doctors.*
Epy. Your owne contentments follow you.
Now gentlemen what newes within, can this dumbe wonder ſpeake?

Haue

Haue youcutoff thoſe lets that tied his ſpeech.
nd made your fames to ſound thorow Sicille?.
Doct. All hopefull meanes that man or art can finde,
aue we made triall of, but tis in vaine:
r ſtill my Lord, the cur'es invincible.
Doct. Thoſe Organs nature gaue to moue the tongue,
e fully doth poſſeſſe as well as we;
Vhich makes vs thinke his ſuddaine apoplexe,
either will, vow, or a miracle.
Epy. I ſhould thinke ſtrangly, had wee ſtrange things on earth;
ut wonders now are moſt familiar:
ut here comes his maieſtie, now we ſhall ſee
f this dumbe beaſt can ſpeake before the king.

Cornets, and enter Cypres, Queene Philocles, Mariana and attendants.

Cyp. My beſt of friends, my deereſt *Philocles*,
Thy griefes run in my ſpirit, make me ſad,
And duls my ſenſe with thine affliction.
My ſoule with thine doth ſympathize in woe,
And paſſion gouerns him that ſhould rule all.
What ſay our Doctors, is there no hope of help?
1 *Doct.* No hope my Lord, the cure is deſperate.
Cyp. Then I am king of greife, for in his words
Found I more muſicke then in quires of Angels,
It was as ſiluer as the chime of ſpheares,
The breath of Lutes, or loues deliciouſneſſe:
Next to my Queene, he is my ioy on earth:
Nor ſhall the world containe that happy good
Which with my teares I will not wooe for him.
My Lord of Epyre, let it be ſtraight proclaim'd
Thorow all the cities in our kingdomes verdge,
That who ſo will avow to cure this prince,
And bring his worke to wiſht effectualneſſe
Shall haue ten thouſand crownes and our beſt loue;

But

But if he faile in his great enterprise,
His daring is the losse of present life,
Since no man hitherto could doe him good,
The next shall help him or else loose his bloud.
Epy. Your Maiesty shall haue your will performd.
Ma. Not all so soone deare brother, what if a womā now
Should turne *Æsculapius* and restore
This dumbe *Hypolitus?* nay do not looke strange,
I dare auow and vndertake the cure.
Epy. You sister, are you in your wits? (tongue
Ma. Faith of the out side of them brother, yet a womās
Whose burthen still is superfluity,
May lend a man an ages complement.
Cy. Madam I would not haue you with the barke
Play your selfe into day net, this gre.. cure,
I feare is farre beyond your Phylicks helpe.
Ma. My Lord, you know not how *Apollo* loues me,
I haue beene thought as faire as *Oenon* was,
And dare be bold to claime this miracle. bout
Cy. *Mariana* attend, glory & ruine compasse thee a-
This hand shall raise thee to a golden throne,
And grace thee with all stiles of dignity;
This cast thee downe.
Lower then liues misfortune and orewhelme
Thy beauties with thy graue, performe be great,
Faile and be worse then worst calamitie.
Que. Stay gentle friend, my loue doth bid thee stay,
Attempt not, and be safe from misery.
Epy. Sister you shall not graspe with mischiefe thus,
My bloud doth challenge interest in your ill,
And I coniure you from this desperatnes. (our strife,
Ma. Brother content your selfe, words but augment
I will performe or else my pawn's my life.
Cy. Proceed faire virgin.
Ma. Vouchsafe me priuacy: now *Venus* be my speed,
Speake gentle *Philocles*, thine oaths bond I vntie.

Haue youcutoff thoſe lets that tied his ſpeech.
nd made your fames to ſound thorow Sicille?.
Doct. All hopefull meanes that man or art can finde,
aue we made triall of, but tis in vaine:
r ſtill my Lord, the cur'es invincible.
Doct. Thoſe Organs nature gaue to moue the tongue,
e fully doth poſſeſſe as well as we;
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f this dumbe beaſt can ſpeake before the king.

Cornets, and enter Cypres, Queene Philocles, Mariana and attendants.

Cyp. My beſt offriends, my deereſt *Philocles*,
Thy griefes run in my ſpirit, make me ſad,
And duls my ſenſe with thine affliction.
My ſoule with thine doth ſympathize in woe,
And paſſion gouerns him that ſhould rule all.
What ſay our Doctors, is there no hope of help?
1 *Doct.* No hope my Lord, the cure is deſperate.
Cyp. Then I am king of greife, for in his words
Found I more muſicke then in quires of Angels,
It was as ſiluer as the chime of ſpheares,
The breath of Lutes, or loues deliciouſneſſe:
Next to my Queene, he is my ioy on earth:
Nor ſhall the world containe that happy good
Which with my teares I will not wooe for him.
My Lord of Epyre, let it be ſtraight proclaim'd
Thorow all the cities in our kingdomes verdge,
That who ſo will avow to cure this prince,
And bring his worke to wiſht effectualneſſe
Shall haue ten thouſand crownes and our beſt loue;

But

But if he faile in his great enterprise,
His daring is the losse of present life,
Since no man hitherto could doe him good,
The next shall help him or else loose his bloud.
Epy. Your Maiesty shall haue your will performd.
Ma. Not all so soone deare brother, what if a womā now
Should turne *Æsculapius* and restore
This dumbe *Hypolitus*? nay do not looke strange,
I dare auow and vndertake the cure.
Epy. You sister, are you in your wits? (tongue
Ma. Faith of the out side of them brother, yet a womās
Whose burthen still is superfluity,
May lend a man an ages complement.
Cy. Madam I would not haue you with the barke
Play your selfe into day net, this gre.. cure,
I feare is farre beyond your Phy.icks helpe.
Ma. My Lord, you know not how *Apollo* loues me,
I haue beene thought as faire as *Oenon* was,
And dare be bold to claime this miracle. bout
Cy. *Mariana* attend, glory & ruine compasse thee a-
This hand shall raise thee to a golden throne,
And grace thee with all stiles of dignity;
This cast thee downe.
Lower then liues misfortune and orewhelme
Thy beauties with thy graue, performe be great,
Faile and be worse then worst calamitie.
Que. Stay gentle friend, my loue doth bid thee stay,
Attempt not, and be safe from misery.
Epy. Sister you shall not grasp with mischiefe thus,
My bloud doth challenge interest in your ill,
And I coniure you from this desperatnes. (our strife,
Ma. Brother content your selfe, words but augment
I will performe or else my pawn's my life.
Cy. Proceed faire virgin,
Ma. Vouchsafe me priuacy: now *Venus* be my speed,
Speake gentle *Philocles*, thine oaths bond I vntie.

And giue thy vowes a free infranchiſment,
Thy well kept league hath ſhow'd thy ſtrength of truth,
And doth confirme me in my vertuouſneſſe:
Thy martyrdome and ſufferance is too long,
And I reſtore it to new liberty.
Then ſpeake my *Philocles*, ſpeak gentle Prince
To her whoſe loue reſpects and honors thee.

Cy. How now, what vertue from thy charmes?

Ma. No hope is left, deare *Philocles* regard my miſeries
Vntie that wilfull let which holds in ſpeech,
And make me happy through thy noble pity.
I ſee the face of mine ill ſhapt contempt,
Where like with like hath quit moſt iniury:
Then ſpeake my Lord, vtter one Angell breath
To giue me ioy, and ſaue me from ſtrange death.
What not a word, hath this ſmall ſilence brought
An vtter deteſtation to thy ſpeech?
Wilt thou nor heare, nor ſpeak, nor pity me,
The gentle Gods moue thee to more remorſe.

Cy. What, wilt not be?
Fond maid thou haſt drawne affliction on thy head,
And thrald thy ſelfe to worſt calamity:
Till morrow ſunne thy incantations vſe,
But then effectleſſe, all hopes deſperate,
Wert thou my boſome loue thou dieſt the death,
Beſt eaſe for madneſſe is the loſſe of breath.

Exeunt all but Phi. and Ma.

Ma. O *Philocles* I am no courts diſgrace,
No cities Proſtitution, countries ſhame,
Nor one ſhall bring Troys fire vnto thy houſe,
Turne not away hard harted *Mirmidon*,
See, on my knees Ile follow thee in court,
And make the world condemne thy cruelty:
Yet if my teares may mollifie thy heart,
Receiue them as the floods of ſtrangeſt tides,
Turne not thy face from her that doates on thee,

Loue now hath made me ſubiect to thy will,
And pale diſdaine hath tane reuenge on me.
Behold my nerues Ile weare vpon this earth,
And fill this roofe with lamentations.
What doſt thou ſmile, hath fury ſo much ſway
As euen to baniſh poore ciuilitie?
Then be thy ſelfe, and breake thine itching ſpleene:
For I diſdaine thy ranſomes victorie,
Life thou art weary brought, welcome my death,
Sweet becauſe wiſht for, good becauſe my choice:
Yet when I am dead, this of me ſhall be ſaid,
A cruell Prince murdered a louing maid.
And after ages to th'unborne ſhall tell,
Thy hate, my loue, thy enuie and my hell.
Nay do not ſpeak I charge thee, go — nothing moue thee,
Death is my glory, ſince thou wilt not loue me. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scena. 1. Muſique.

Enter the Duke of Epyre and Alphonſo.

Epy.

GRiefe which controles the motions of our thoughts,
GRaines in my bloud and makes me paſſions ſlaue,
My ſiſters miſerie torments my ſoule,
And breaks my gall when I but thinke of her:
She was bewicht with ſpelles to her misfortune,
Or elſe borne hapleſſe vnder a lowring ſtarre,
And tis her fate to be thus miſerable:
O *Philocles* hadſt thou no other ſcale
To mount thy heauen but by our miſeries,
Muſt all the noble fame of our great houſe
Waſte downe her royall pillars to make ſteps
For thee to climbe to glory? well I ſee
Thou plots our ſhames in thy great dignity. (ſtormes

Alp. Patience great Lord, me thinkes theſe ill raiſd
Haue not more violence then may be borne,
Come we will both go ſue vnto the King.

We there will kneele and pray eternally,
And neuer riſe till he remit his dome:
It ſhall be ſo, I will vnto the King,
To beg great fauour for a ſmall offence:
But if ſhe dy for this, then King take heede,
Thee and thy fortunes by this hand ſhall bleed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chyp, Shauenig and others with a Scaffold.

Chy. Come my harts, lets make all things ready for the execution, heer's a maiden head muſt be cut off without a featherbed.

Sha. Its a ſigne ſhe deales with ſharp tooles & a cruell heads man.

Chy. If I had beene her iudge, ſhe ſhould haue beene toſt to death in a blanket.

Sha. No, I would haue had her ſmothered in a featherbed.

Chy. They ſay ſhe would not pleade at her triall.

Sha. No thats true, for ſhe had a great deſire to be preſt.

Chy. And I haue knowne ſome of her ſex, haue got that fauor to be preſt for ſpeaking.

Sha. Then ſhe was vnwiſe to hold her tongue being a woman.

Chy. What is her crime that ſhe muſt looſe her head?

Sha. Becauſe ſhe liued honeſt, contrary to the ſtatute.

Chy. There is a great number of my neighbors wll neuer ſuffer for that fault.

Sha. No nor thou neither if the truth were knowne, for my part I ſhunne that danger.

Chy. I thinke we are all out of danger of the lawe for that crime.

Sha. I know I am free, for I am a knaue if I haue not forgot what wench had my maiden head. *Enter Florio.*

Flo. Make roome there, his Maieſty is comming to the execution.

Chy. Come, now all things are ready: lets away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Epyre and Alphonſo.

Epy. Mercy is baniſht courts, the King like flint,
Hardens his royall temper gainſt our plaints,
And makes our woes moſt vnauoidable.
What inauſpicious ſtarue raignd at her birth,

That

That heauen thus frownes vpon her miſery;
And my good Lord, now innocence muſt die.
As white as vntroade ſnow, or culuer downe,
Kings words are lawes, and cannot be withſtood;
Yet t is falſe greatneſſe, which delights in blood.
Alph. Patience my Lord, I do not thinke this ill
Is yet ſo big as vnrecouerable.
The king doth hold you in moſt choice reſpect,
And whom kings loue, they ſtudy to oblige.
Then call your reaſon home, make not this ciuill ware,
To ſuffer makes woes leſſer then they are.
Epy. How wel the ſound can ſalue the ſicke-mans griefe!
But O how ill he can diſgeſt his pils!
O my good Lord, you ſhall not loſe a ſiſter,
That is the ioy and comfort of your breath,
T'is not your bloud ſhall iſſue from her wound;
But mine that runs in riuers from her teares:
And rounds my face in her calamitie.
Well, let her periſh, ſince her ſoule is cleare,
And for her death, ile make a maſſacrie,

Enter Cypres, Queene, Philocles, Mariana bound, a guard of halberts and an Executioner.

Cyp. Your ſuits are bootleſſe: for my vowes haue glewd
And cloſ'd mine eares that they retaine no ſound
Of your intreaties, and euen now the time
Doth run vpon his lateſt minutes, and
Saue but by ſpeech, theres no recouery.
Qu. Haue mercy good my Lord, O let my teares intrude
Betwixt your vowes and her calamitie.
In her you take from me my beſt of life,
My ioy, my comfort and my play-fellow.
Cyp. Content you madame, for my vow is paſt,
And is like fate ſtill vnreuocable:
Aſcend poore modell of calamity.

Ma. As lightly burdened with the waight of crimes,
As spoteſſe infants, or poore harmleſſe lambes,
Thus I aſcend my heauen, this firſt ſtep lower,
Mounts to this next, this, thus and thus hath brought
My bodies frame vnto its higheſt throne;
Heere doth her office end, and hence my ſoule
With golden wings of thought ſhall mount the skie,
And reap a palace of pure ſanctitie.
Farewell my ſoueragine, madame within your thoughts
Make me a tombe, and loue my memory.
Brother farewell, nay do not mourne my death,
It is not I that die to ſpot our houſe,
Or make you liue in after obloquy.
Then weep no more, but take my laſt adiew,
My vertues not my faults preſerue with you.
Laſtly, to you that are my laſt of hope,
Nay do not hide your eies, I loue them ſtill:
To part friends now is greateſt charitie.
O be thy dayes as fruitfull in delights,
As *Eden* in choice flowers, thine honours ſuch
As all the world may ſtriue to imitate.
Be maſter of thy wiſhes: onely this,
When the ſad nurſe to ſtill the wrangling babe,
Shall ſing the carefull ſtory of my death,
Giue me a ſigh, from thy hearts pureſt breath:
And ſo farewell.

Exec. Madame kneele here, forgiue me for your death.

Ma. With all my heart, thou art but lawes poore hand,
Thus to my death I bowe, and yet ariſe,
Angels protect my ſpirits in the skies. *He offers to ſtrike.*

Phi. Hold, or thine owne hand ſhal be thine owne deſtruction.

Cyp. Neuer did muſicke ſoun dwith better voice.
Vnbind the Lady.

Flo. The feare of death hath brought her to a ſwound.

Cyp. Indeuour her recouery.

Epy. Siſter, deere ſiſter call thy ſpirits backe,

Sister, O sister, hearken to my woes,
Recouer breath and liue with happinesse.
Qu. She stirs, giue way to ayre that she may breath.
Speake *Mariana*, thy woes are cancelled:
Ma. You are not charitable vnto my moanes,
Thus to afflict me with a double punishment:
One death for one poore fault might well suffice,
They are most wretched who twice liues and dies.
Phi. Madame to saue your life I kill my soule:
And speckle that which was immaculate.
Blacke periury that open eied disease,
Which is the plague sore of society,
Brands me with mischiefe, and protests I hold
Nothing within me but vnworthinesse:
And all these ils are your creation.
Ma. Which to wash off, loe heere I yeeld my selfe
An humble sacrifice to loue and thee:
All my best hopes, my fortunes and my loue,
My faith, my seruice, and my loialtie,
Shall as thy slaues attend on thy commands,
And make me famous in my suffrages.
Cyp. Receiue her *Philocles*, for it pleaseth vs.
Phi. But not me my thrice royall soueraigne:
Ile rather wed a sooty blackamoore,
A Leaper, monster, Incubus or hagge,
A wretch deformd in nature, loath'd of men
Then her that hath bemonster'd my pure soule,
Her scorne and pride had almost lost her life,
A maid so faulted, seldome proues good wife.
Qu. What is the reason you not loue her now,
And were so passionate in loue before?
Phi. Not that I lone her lesse, but rather more,
Run I this backward course; onely my vow,
Sith vnperform'd craues satisfaction;
Which thus I reconcile, when this faire maide,
Shall with as strong a loue, as firme a zeale,

Faith as constant, and a shame as strong,
equit my care, and shew as ample proofe
mine extreames, as I haue in her death,
hen will I loue, enioy and honour her.
ll when, I will not think a louing thought;
r giue the easie temper of my minde
o loue-sicke passion, or delitiousnesse.
nely with those which do adore the sunne,
e giue her all respect and reuerence.
Ma. I am well pleas'd, and with a doubtfull foe,
ou haue good reason thus to capitulate,
hen hang your colours forth, extēd your thought
luster your strongest powers, of strickt'st wit,
nd when your reasons best artilleries bent
oue not my loue, if it be not excel'nt.
Cyp. I haue not seene a warre breed better wit,
Or passion draw on more delightfulnesse:
roceed in your contention, for we boast,
hat loue is best, which is approued most.
ut now to reuels, since our tragicke sceane
s turnd to comicke mirthfull constancie;
n stead of mourning we will daunce and banquet
And fill our emptie veines with all delights:
For oft we find that stormes and sorrowes proue
The best forerunners of a happy loue.

Exeunt all but Epyre.

Epy. He will, but he will not, loues but cannot like,
Will and affection in this Prince are like
Two buckets which do neuer both ascend:
Or those star twins which shine not in one spheare.
O *Philoeles*, I see thy soule growes fat,
And feeds vpon the glories of my fame;
But I'le forestall thine Epileptique fits;
And by my plots breed thy destruction.
Reuenge now rules as soueraigne of my bloud,
And others ruines shall aduance my good.

VVhich once attaind to, I will proue ambitious,
Great men like Gods, are nere thought-vitious.
Now *Philocles* ſtand faſt, King guard thy crowne,
For by this braine, you both ſhall tumble downe. *Exit.*

Enter Velonps and Drap, Preſident ſitting at his deske.

Ve. This is his chamber, lets enter, heeres his clarke.
Pre. Fondling, ſaid he, ſince I haue hem'd thee heere,
VVithin the circuit of this Iuory pale.
Dra. I pray you ſir help vs to the ſpeech of your maſter.
Pre. Ile be a parke, and thou ſhalt be my Deere:
He is very buſie in his ſtudy.
Feed where thou wilt, in mountaine or on dale.
Stay a while he will come out anon.
Graze on my lips, and when thoſe mounts are drie,
Stray lower where the pleaſant fountaines lie.
Go thy way thou beſt booke in the world.
Ve. I pray you ſir, what booke doe you read?
Pre. A book that neuer an Orators clarke in this kingdome but is b
holden vnto; it is called maides philoſophie, or *Venus* and *Adoni*
Looke you gentlemen, I haue diuers other pretty bookes.
Drap. You are very well ſtorde ſir, but I hope your maſter wil n
ſtay long.
Pre. No he will come preſently. *Enter Meſhant.*
Ve. VVho haue we heere? another Client ſure, crowes flock to ca
kaſſes; O tis the Lord *Meſhant.*
Me. Saue you Gentlemen; ſir is your maſter at any leaſure?
Pre. Heere ſit thee downe where neuer ſerpent hiſſes,
And being ſet ile ſmother thee with kiſſes.
His buſineſſes yet are many, you muſt needes attend a while.
Me. VVe muſt attend, vm, euen ſnailes keep ſtate
VVhen with ſlow thruſt their hornes peep forth the gate.
VVe muſt attend, tis cuſtoms fault not mine
To make men proud, on whom great fauours ſhine,
Its ſomewhat gainſt my nature to attend.

But when we muſt, we muſt be patient,
A man may haue admittance to the king
As ſoone as to theſe long roabes, and as cheap.
Come gentlemen ſhall we walke?
Thus are the pauement ſtones before the doores
Of theſe great tongue guilt Orators, worne ſmoth
With clients dauncing for them.

Ve. It's ſtrange to ſee how the world waits vpon them, therein they are the onely men now.

Me. O onely; they of all men in requeſt.
Your phyſitian is the lawier for your health:
And moderate vnruly humours beſt.
Others are no body compard with him:
For all men neglect their health in regard of their profit.

Dra. True, and thats it makes theſe men grow ſo fat,
Swell with rich purchaſes.

Me. Yea with golden fees,
And golden titles too, they can worke miracles,
And like creators, euen of emptie nothing
Erect a world of goodly liuings, faire demeanes,
And gallant mannors, heapt one on another.

Ve. They gaine indeed exceſſiuely, & are not like vs citizens
Expoſ'd to hazard of the ſeas and trafficke.

Me. Why heres a fellow now, this Orator
Euen *Prat*, you would little thinke it, his father was
An honeſt proiner of our cuntry vines;
Yet hee's ſhot to his foot-cloath.

Drap. O hee is; hee proind him well and brought him vp to learning.

Me. Faith reaſonable learning, a ſmattring in the Latine tongue,
A little Rhetoricke, with wrangling ſophiſtrie,
Were his preparatiues vnto his art.

Ve. After theſe preparatiues (if you call them ſo)
The phyſicke wrought well for a few yeares practiſe,
Brought him in wondrous credit, and preferments
Came tumbling in: O ſuch a ſuddaine riſe,

Hath

Hath fortune for her minions, blame him not then,
Though he looke high on't.
Me. Nay for his pride, of weaker ſoules tearmd ſtate,
It hurts none but himſelfe.
Dra. Yet to my ſeeming it is very ſtrange,
That from ſo baſe beginning, men can breath
Such ſoaring fames.
Me. Srange; it's not ſtrange a whit,
Dunghils and marriſh bogs, dart ſtore of vapours,
And viſcous exhalations, againſt heauen,
Which borrowing luſter there (though baſly bred)
Seeme yet like glorious planets faireſt ſtarres:
To the weake eies of wondring ignorance,
When wiſe men know they are but *Meteors*.
But here comes the Orator. *Enter Prat*
Prat. What Preſident I ſay, come and attend me to the ſenate hou
Pre. I am ready ſir, if you haue *Copia verborum*, I haue *Copia rer*
in a buckram bagge here.
Prat. Your Lordſhips pleaſure.
Me. Maſter Orator, tis not vnknowne my ſuit
Prat. Nay your Lordſhip muſt be briefe, I not attend
The ſhallow ſleight of words, your ſuit, your ſuit.
Me. The reſtoration of my lands and honours.
Prat. They are confiſcat.
Me. My lands confiſcat, and my body free?
Prat. My Lord, my Lord, the Queen's more merciſull.
Me. Sir, you forget my place.
Pra. Sir you forget your faith,
T'was knowne vnto the Queene, the ſtate and vs,
Your malecontented ſpirit, your diſeaſe in duty:
Your diligent purturbance of the peace:
Your paſſages, occurrenecs and — — —
Me. Sir.
Prat. Sir me no ſirs.
Do not I know you were the chiefe of thoſe
Which raiſd the warres in Sicill? and long ſince

Vrought in the kings loues bloody buſineſſe.
Did not you hold faire quarter and commerce
With all the ſpies of *Cypres*? fie I am aſham'd,
Blinde impudence ſhould make you be ſo bold,
To beare your face before authority.
Me. But heare me.
Pra. I will heare no reply, go home, repent, pray & die.
Come Gentlemen, what's your buſineſſes?
Ve. Your confirmation to his highneſſe grant, touching our trade
With Spaine, in which if it pleaſe you to aſſiſt vs, wee haue a thouſand
Crownes which ſhall attend you.
Pra. O I haue you in my memory, the ſuit is great:
And I muſt ſqueiſſe forth more then a thouſand crownes.
Vel attend me to the ſenate, you ſhal haue faire diſpatches
Exeunt all but Meſſant.
Me. I not attend the ſhallow ſleight of words,
To home repent, pray and die.
Excellent precepts for an Orators chamber.
Where ſpeech muſt bath a handful deep in gold,
Till the poore giuers conduit being drie,
The wretch goes home, doth curſe, repent and die.
It is thy counſaile Orator, thy tale breath
Good onely but to ſeaſon infamie.
From this reproch, this incarreſſing humour
Hath taught my ſoule a new philoſophie.
I will goe home and there repent all good
Done to thy name or thy profeſsion.
I will go home and there new frame my ſelfe
More thirſtily pernicious to thy ſtate,
Then warre or vnabated mutiny.
As for my praiers Orator, they are for thee;
Thou haſt a pretty, louely, witty wife:
O maiſt thou liue, both to be knowne and know
Thy ſelfe the greateſt cuckold in our land;
And yet not dare to amend or greiue at it.
Maiſt thou imbrace thy ſhame with thankful armes,

Hugge thy disgrace, make thy black poison wine,
And cap and crouch to thy dishonor,
May thy remembrance liue, vpon my knees I pray,
All night in belmens mouthes, with *Pasquill* in the day.

Enter Alphonso vnbrac't.

Alp. Day be my speede, night shall not cloake my sin,
If I haue naught to doe, its by the Sunne,
The light giues leaue to all mine Idlenes.
Quick businesse and ope eies cease on mine orator,
Whilst I create him horny presidents. *Enter Coloquintida.*
But heeres my bed broker. Now my great armefull of good intelligence, where is my Mistresse?

Co. Fast-lockt in her bed with a close ward to deuoure thee my braue *Paraquito*; but husht no words, ther's a calme before the tempest.

Alp. Tut, tell me of no stormes, out direct me to her bed chamber, my noble firelock of a flesh pistoll.

Co. Follow thy colours my braue worthy, mount vp thy standard, so enter and prosper. *She puts Alph. into the Orators house.*
Thou hast a rich roome, safe locks, sweete sheetes, a choice armefull, with ô the rare, rare thought of imagination.

Me. Whats this, whats this, doth this Lord *Alphonso* turne the Orator to an *Antilop*? tis more then excellent,
And from the iuice of this despight I suck
Delight more great then all my miseries,
Obserue, deare eies obserue.

Co. Nay go thy way for a Camell or a Camelion, thou maist compare with all Europe, Africke and Asia, and one that will change tricks, though thou wert worthy to be schoolemaster either to *Proteus* or *Aritine*: what an excellent gift did God giue vnto man when he gaue him woman, but how much more when that woman was made faire? but ô the most of all when she had wit to vse euery member of her creation. Well Ile stand to it, theirs nothing but beautie, vse and old age that puts weomen of my ranck out of request, and yet like old bucklers though fewe of your gallant cauileres will weare vs, yet many of your stale Ruffins will imploy vs, and thats our comfort still.

Me. Was euer heard a baude more damnable?

very mountebanke of wench flesh, an Emperick,
dog-leech for the putrefied sores,
Of these lust-cankerd great ones, O I could
uen mad my selfe with railing at their vices.

Prate knocks at the dore.

ut hearke one knocks, O for the orator,
Heauens I beseech thee, O for the orator.

Co. How now, who knocks so rudely at the dore?

Pra. Tis I I say, open the dore, I am in hast.

Me. Tis he, iust heauens tis he, fore God the orator.

Co. Soule of my bawdie office, how are wee betraid,
Anon, anon sir, what Mistres *Prate* I say?
Arise for shame, your husbands at the dore,
come, I come, Lord God how dull you are
When danger's at your heeles, rise quickly.

Pra. Open the dore, or I wil breake it ope.

Co. I come, I come, I thinke hee's mad with hast,
What Iohn, what Thomas, Robert, wher's these knaues,
What Iulian, Mary, Sislie, neere a maid within.

Lo. For Gods loue stay, ile find the key straight way.

Enter Lollia and Alphonso in his shirt.

O mistres *Coloquintida*, what shall become of vs?

Co. Nay I am at my wits end, and am made
Duller then any spurgald, tired Iade.

Alph. Sfoote if he enter, I will breake his neck.

Lo. Not for a world deare loue, step into my closet.

Alp. Did euer slaue come thus vnluckily?

Lo. Nay now's no time for passion, good Lord in.

Exit Alph. and enter Prate.

Co. Fy I haue almost broke my hart with running.

Lo. How now deare husbād, what hath moued this hast?

Pra. I thinke I was not blest this morning when I rose: for through my forgetfulnes I haue left behind me in my study the breuiates of all my causes, and now the Senat is faine to daunce attendance on my leasure, fy, fy, fy. *Exit Prate.*

Lo. Nay if he smell nothing but papers, I care not for his dry foote

hunting,

hunting, nor shall I neede to puffe pepper in his nostrils, but see he comes againe.

Enter Prate, and stumbling at his wiues bed, sees Alphonsos rich apparell lying thereon.

Pra. I thinke the Diuell haue laid his hornes in my way.

Me. Yes, and if you had wit you might coniure him out of your wiues closet.

Prate. Sancte benedicite, what haue we heere, hath the golden snake cast his skinne vpon my bed, go toe wife, I smell I smell, mee thinkes your plaine rug should not agree with this rich counterpoint.

Lo. Husband, either I haue fitted you now, or else I shall neuer fit you whilst I breath.

You oft haue told me, that like those of your ranke,
Who both adorne their credits and them selues,
Yea euen their causes with their costly cloaths,
Your selfe in like sort would striue to imitate,
And now my neighbour heere hath brought this suite,
Which if you please to buy, tis better cheape
Then ere t'was made by full fiue thousand crownes.

Prate. Saist thou me so wench, a kisse for that i faith,
Fore God it is a delicate fine suite, rich stuffe, rare worke, and of the newest fashion; nay if the Senats businesse were neuer so hasty, I will stay to try it on, come, help good wenches helpe, so there, there there.

The Orator puts on Alphonsos apparell.

Me. Sfoote will the oxe put on the Lions hyde,
He will, he will, tis more then excellent,
So guild the tombe which holds but rottennes,
Laughter I feare will burst me, looke how hee struts,
O God that euer any man should looke
Vpon this maumet and not laugh at him,

Prate. Fit fit: excellent fit as though,
The body it was made for wore my mould,
Wife I will haue it, weele dispute no price.

Enter Velous.

Ve. Master Orator, the Senat are set, and can dispatch no causes through your absence, therfore they earnestly intreat your presence.

Pra.

Pra. I come, I come, good friend go say I come,
nd wife see that you pay for this suite, what so ere it cost. *Ex. Pra.*

Me. Not aboue making you cuckold, thats the most.

Lo. What is he gone?

Co. He is. *Enter Alphonso in his shirt.*

Lo. Why then come forth poore naked Lord.

Alp. What is he gone, may the Diuell and his hornes both follow im.

Lo. He is gone: but yet he hath discouered your treason.

Alp. How?

Co. Yes, and in reuenge thereof hath vow'd, that in this naked sort s you are, you shall doe penance through the Citie for your sinne of nchastitie.

Alp. I pray thee leaue thy womans phrase, and speake like a man, plainly, plainly.

Lo. Then plainly thus, he is gone and hath taken away your apparell.

Alp. Vpon what accident?

Lo. This, when your negligence had left your cloathes vpon my bed, he espied them, taskt me for the owner, I in excuse told him it was a suite brought by my gossip to be sold, hee straight like a childe proud of a new coate, presently puts it on, presently is sent for to the Senat, and at this present hath left you that the world may behold your naked doings.

Alp. I would it were washt in the bloud of a Centaure, that when he puts it off, his skinne might follow it, but how shall I get to my chamber?

Lo. Truly I know not, except you wil weare a smocks vpper-coate.

Alp. What a petticote, you mad me with your mirth.

Lo. Then seriously thus, as he hath tane your cloathes, you must take his, and let the world know you haue had more then fidlers fare, for you haue meat, money and cloth.

Alp. Sfoote how shall I looke in this Diuels suite, sure I shall grow sick to see my shape.

Lo. Well extremity must then be your physick, but come, you shall attire your selfe in my chamber. *Exit Alp. Co. and Lo.*

Me.

Mo. Are theſe the winding turnes of female ſhames,
Looſe womans gamboles, and the tricks of ſinne?
And are we borne to beare theſe ſuffrages?
O hee thats tide vnto a brothell bed,
Feeles his worſt hell on earth, and may preſume
There is no ſicknes like his peſtilence:
Well, what the iſſue of this ieſt will proue,
My wit but yet conceiues and aftertime
Shall perfit it and giue it liberty,
In ſuch ſort, that if it true fire ſtrike,
A world of Apes ſhall ſtudy for the like. *Ex.*

Enter the Duke of Epire alone.

Epy. My thoughts are troubled, Ioy forſakes me quite,
And all my meditations are reuenge:
Ambition and fell murder ioyne in me,
And aid each other to vntwine a ſtate,
And make whole millions proue vnfortunate.
Now muſt I practiſe court art flattery,
And wiſely temporiſe with blackeſt deedes:
Ile ſmile and ſtab, now weepe, then laugh, then frowne,
And with ſly tricks of ſtate kill all ſuſpition.
Diuels muſt ſeeme like Angels, ſaith ambition,
The blackeſt thoughts Ile ſtudy to excell,
Crownes and reuenge haue made men diue to hell.
My plot is currant and it cannot miſſe,
Whilſt wiſedome windes me on the clew of bliſſe.
The King ſhall kill the Queene, that acted right,
I ſoone will turne his brighteſt day to night.
Hees ſimple, honeſt, and loues downy reſt,
Then he muſt fall, tis policie in ſtate
To hurle them downe are bleſt with happy fate.
Thus each ſhall ſcourge himſelfe with his owne rod,
Who is all policie, auowes no God.
Who is within there hoe? *Enter Florio.*

Flo. Did your grace call?

Epy. I did, where is the King?

Flo. He is in his priuie chamber playing at cheſſe.
Epy. Go ſtraight and tell him I muſt ſpeake with him,
And ſay my buſineſſe doth import great haſte.
Flo. I goe my Lord.
Epy. Be a bleſt Mercury, now mount thee vp my ſpirit,
And ſhew thy ſelfe a Polititian,
Let ſlaunder rule thy tongue, enuy thy hart,
And let deſtruction be thy period
Of what thou ſpeakſt; for this my maxim is,
But rule no heauen, and but reuenge no bliſſe.

Enter Cypres, Florio and attendants.

Cy. Here comes the King, my Lord we muſt be priuat,
Remoue your hearings from our conference,
Now ſpeake my Lord, ſpeake freely as to heauen.
Epy. Firſt with my knee I kiſſe this proſtrate earth,
And humbly beg, that which my tongue ſhall ſpeake,
So it proceede from loue and vaſſallage,
May beare a pardon or forgetfulnes.
Cy. You haue it, ariſe, diſcharge an open breaſt.
Epy. O my dread Liege, my ſpeech will make you ſad,
(And Kings doe ſeldome reliſh their diſtaſtes)
And from that ſadnes ſuch a ſtorme will riſe
As will euen droune vp all credulity.
O that my loyall hart could couer ſinne,
Or that my tongue inured vnto griefe,
Might loſe his ſpleene ere it diſtemper you,
But loue and mine alleagance bid me ſpeake.
Cy. Then ſpeake, and doe not rack me with delay.
Epy. Women, why were you made for mans affliction,
The firſt that euer made vs taſte of griefe,
And laſt of whom in torments we complaine,
You diuels ſhapt like Angels, through whoſe deedes,
Our forked ſhames are made moſt viſible,
No foule of ſenſe would wrong bright Maieſty,
Nor ſtaine their bloud with ſuch impurity.
Cy. Nay good Lord leaue this *Allegorick* ſpeech,

And

And giue me knowledge from a plainer phraſe.
Epy. Then plainly thus, your bed is preſt with luſt.
I know you doe not credit, nay whats more,
I know you hate me for my vertuouſnes,
Your Queene behaues her like a curtezan,
I know you hold me for a vild impoſter,
O fooliſh zeale that makes me be ſo fond
To leaue my faith vnto black cenſuring,
O ſhe hath ſinn'd and done a double wrong
To you, to her and ſacred chaſtity.
Cy. Duke thou art valiant, and with a valiant mind,
Slander is worſe then theft or ſacrilidge,
Nay more then murder, or the height of treaſon,
A ſtep beyond the vtmoſt plagues in hell.
Then thou which in that nature wrongſt a Queene,
Deſeru'ſt a ſcourge beyond their puniſhments,
Vertue ſhould kill thee now.
Epy. Nay doe, my breſt is bare vnto thy ſteele,
Kill me becauſe I loue thee and ſpeake true,
Is this the merit of a Romane faith,
For this haue I obſeru'd, pried in vnto,
And ſearcht each ſecret ſhift of vanity?
Nay pray you kill me, faith Ile patient ſtand,
Liue ſtill a monſter, hold ſhame in your hand.
Cy. Speake a word more, a King ſhalbe thy death.
Epy. Death is a ſlaue to him that is reſolud,
And my ſoule loathes this ſeruile flattery:
Nor will I couer ſuch intemperate ſinne,
But to the world make them and that tranſparent,
Vnleſſe your ſelfe will ſeeke to right your ſelfe.
Cy. Thou haſt awakt me, and thy piercing words
Haue ſplit my ſenſe in ſunder: yet what ground ha?
Remaines wheron to ground ſuſpition? a cuckold, cuckold
Epy. Your abſence is the baud to her deſires,
For their maskes, dauncings, gaming, banquetting,
Strange priuate meetings and all toiles in loue.

As wanton ſpeeches to ſtirre Appetite,
And all inchantments that inflame deſire.
When you returne, then all is huſht and ſtill,
And ſhe demurely walkes like vertues Ghoſt:
Before your face ſhees like a Puritane,
Behind your back a bluſhles curtezan.
Cy. O I haue drunck in poiſon at nine eares,
which makes my bloud boile with vnquēched flames,
But ſpeake who is it that diſhonors me?
Epy. He that you prize a line before your life,
I know you will not credit, faith you will not.
Cy. Nay if thou ceaſe to ſpeake, thou hat'ſt my life,
Tak'ſt thou delight to kill me, then forbeare,
Sfoote I am mortall man, kill me, doe doe doe.
Epy. Your beſt of friends, your neareſt *Philocles*
Vſurps your bed and makes you a cornute,
A creature vncreate in paradiſe.
And one thats onely of a womans making.
Cy. Iſt poſſible? can I giue faith to this?
Epy. Nay be but patient, ſmooth your brow a little,
And you ſhall take them as they clip each other.
Euen in their height of ſin, then dam them both,
And let them ſtinck before they aske God pardon,
That your reuenge may ſtretch vnto their ſoules.
Cy. To be a cuckold doth exceede all griefe.
Epy. To haue a pleaſant ſcoffe at Maieſty.
Cy. To taſte the fruit forbidden from my tree.
Epy. But he ſhall looſe his paradiſe for that.
Cy. The ſlaue will make baſe ſongs in my diſgrace.
Epy. And wound your reputation in ſtrange Lands.
Cy. This iniury ſads all my ioies on earth.
Epy. Hornes are not ſhund by wiſdom, wealth or birth
Cy. Watch their cloſe meetings, & thē giue vs notice,
Meane ſpace my loue ſhall in thy boſome reſt,
My griefe is like my birth, great, great and hie:
Giue cloſe intelligence, till then farewell.

Luſt is the broadeſt path which leades to hell.

Exit Gypſie.

Ep. Hee's gone with blacke ſuſpition in his heate:
And made his ſoule a ſlaue to iealouſie,
My plots ſhall driue him to his owne deſtruction;
And I gaine both reuenge and dignitie.
He ſhall no ſooner put his Queene to death,
But ile proclaime her ſpotleſſe innocence,
All men will hate him for ſo vile an act,
And mad with rage depoſe him from his crowne.
Then I will be his death, his ſtate doth giue,
Kings once depoſ'd, long after muſt not liue;
For like a *Phœnix* rare in iealouſie,
He ſhall conſume himſelfe in ſcortching flames,
Whileſt from his aſhes I a *Phœnix* ſpring:
Many renounce their God to be a king,
And ile be one to kill men with a frowne,
None dare diſpute the actions of a crowne. *Exit.*

Act. 4. Scen. 1. Muſicke.

Enter Florio and Meſſant.

Florio.

THe Queene is all for reuelles, her light heart,
Vnladen from the heauineſſe of ſtate,
Beſtowes it ſelfe vpon delightfulneſſe.

Me. She followes her creation and her ſexe.
In my conceit it is as vile a thing,
To ſee the worthy modell of a woman,
Who had not beene at all; but to giue life,
And ſtirring ſpleene to mans allacrity,
To ſit orewhelmd with thought, with darke amuze,
And the ſad ſullennelle of a grieued diſlike;
As to behold an old man in his furres,

Whose well spent youth, hath giuen his age full strength
To be his countries best physitian,
To caper to his graue, and with vaine gaudes
Trick vp his coffin, and vpon his tombe,
To leaue no knowledge but his leuitie.
Flo. Tis true indeed, and nature in her selfe,
Doth giue vs still distaste in contraries.
And in my thoughts it is as base to see a woman man
As see a man a long roab'd feminine.
Me. Well, we forget our selues my Lord, What is the musicke ready? I pray you command the guard to take their halberts in their hands, the Vshers should haue seene this roome perfum'd, in faith they are too negligent: here comes the Queene.

Enter the Queene, Mariana, and waiting women, Philocles and other Lords, the King disguised like one of the guard at the one end of the stage, and the Duke so likewise disguised at the other end of the Stage.

Qu. Loud musicke there, and let the God of Harmony
Rauish our senses with delightfull aires,
Tun'd to the musicke of the higher spheare,
And with that mortall signe rarely shew,
The ioyes in Ioues high court, to feast the Gods,
Making that place abound in happinesse.
Come noble *Philocles* I ceaze you first,
(*Mariana* there are choice of other Lords)
In gracing you, it is the king I grace.
Ma. Come honest Lord, tis you must stand to me,
The Queene in mine doth challenge interest,
And I must flie for shelter to my friends.
Me. And ile be glad to be your couerture.
Ma. O no my Lord, not till the weather change.
Me. Wel when you please, meane time you do me grace.
Qu. Nay my Lord, ther's a Lady worth the handling.
Sound musicke then, fill earth with heauens pleasure,

Cyp. My Queene is out of time, though she keep measure.

Heere they daunce the first straine.

Epi. Be luckie villainie,
Hit now the marke that mine ambition aimes at
Me thinks I see that leane Italian diuell, iealousie, daunce
In his eies: possesse him spirit of rage,
Muffle his vnderstanding with black thoughts,
Let passion gouerne reason, falshood truth,
Obliuion hide his age, hate kill his youth.
Epy. Thou daunc'st on my heart lasciuious Queene,
Euen as vpon these rushes, which thou treadest:
See how her motions winde about his eies,
And doth present to him her passion
Now doth her moistning palme glow in his hand
And courts him vnto dalliance: she dies, tis iust,
Shee's slaue to murder that is slaue to lust.
Epi. Thou curse of greatnesse, waking ei'd suspition,
Now help thy poore friends, murder and ambition.

The first straine ends.

Qu. This straine contain'd a pretticke change.
Proceed vnto the next.

They daunce the second.

Cyp. Sinne follows sin, and change on change doth wait,
Thy change doth change my loue to cruell hate.

Here in this straine Mariana came to Philocles.

Phi. Madam methinks this change is better then the first.
Ma. I if the musicke would not alter it.
Qu. Methinks tis worse, come we wil haue another strain

They daunce againe.

Phi. I pleas'd, let vs proceed.
Cyp. Riuals in crownes and beds of kings must bleed,
Can that faire house containe so foule a guest,

s luſt, or cloake in ordinate and baſe deſires,
nder ſo faire a couerture; O yes,
Vomen can blind our ſenſe when we ſe beſt,
nd ſet faire landskips on inconſtancie,
Making vs blind with ſeeing the daunce ends,
Your ſins are blackeſt, breach of loue and friends.
Epy. Now to the king, blow rage till it flame hate,
A polititian thriues the beſt in ſtate.

Exit Epyre, and enters to the King againe.

Qu. Come ſweet Prince *Philocles*,
Deuiſe ſome new delights to ſhorten time,
This dulneſſe hath no reliſh in my ſenſe,
It hath no pith, and ſloth in my conceit
Is but a tipe of pride in beſt conſtructions.
Ma. Madame ile ſtand, that a faire woman muſt bee proud or elſe a foole.
Phi. I would faine heare that I'faith.
Qu. Thy reaſon wench, I pray the come diſburſe.
Ma. A woman faire is like a full blowne roſe,
Qu. Which holds the faire no longer then it growes.
Ma. A woman faire is like the fineſt gold.
Phi. Which kept from vſe is good though nere ſo old.
Ma. Nay good Lord leaue a little,
She that is faire is wiſe, and ought to know it,
For to that end did nature firſt beſtow it.
Now of this knowledge if we be not proud,
We wrong the author, and we are allowd
To ranke with ſenſles beaſts, ſith careleſſe wee
For want of pride detract our dignitie.
Now knowing it, we know truth in the ſame,
Not to be proud of truth askes follies name.
This leſſon ſtill is read in beauties ſchoole,
She that is faire and humble is a foole:
For neither knowe ſhe how to hold her good,

Or to keep ſafe the treaſure of her bloud.
Qu. a notable declamation.
Ma Nay madame by your leaue,
Pride giues a luſter to a womans faire,
Things that are higheſt prizd, are euer deere.
VVhy is the Diamond the Saphyrs king,
But for eſteeme and rareneſſe? both which ſpring
From the ſtones pride, which is ſo chaſt and hard,
Nothing can pierce it, it ſelfe is it ſelfes guard.
Now what is pride? ſelfe loue, our owne eſteeme,
A ſtrength to make vs of our ſelues well deeme:
From whence this maxim I collect mongſt other,
VVho hates her ſelfe can neuer loue another.
And to conclude, mans appetite growes dull
To what it may haue, emptie hopes full,
To all our ſexe on earth, maid, widow, wife and bride,
They happy liue, when they liue with chaſt pride.
Cyp. My Queene will ſpeake as much for luſt as ſhee for pride, if the toy take her.
Me. Your Ladiſhip ſowes dangerous ſeede abroad.
Ma. But I hope my lord all grounds are not fruitfull.
Qu. Well wench, ſhalt be the proud womans champion.
Ma. And ile defend them againſt all men, as at ſingle tongue.
Me. I had rather fight with a gyant, then you at that weapon.
Cyp. My Lord go forth, returne in your owne ſhape, ſay I am comming.
Epy. I goe my Lord. *Exit Epyre.*
Cyp. Ile note their countenance when they heare of me.
Kings often ſee that which they would not ſee.
Qu. Dauncing hath made me weary, what ſport is next?
Phi. What your highneſſe will command.
Cyp. ſhe will command you ſir to play with her.
Enter Epyre.
Epy. Madame his maieſtie is returnd to court.
Qu. Nay then away with reuels and with ſports,
Lie huſht, and ſtill this vainer idleneſſe,

t now hath loſt his ſpleene, come Lords away.
My ſunne is riſen, brings a brighter day.

Exeunt all but Cypres and Epyre.

Cyp. Darkneſſe is thy delight laſciuious Queene,
And thou wouldſt haue thy ſun pent vp in cloudes:
If I be he, O falſneſſe did I for this,
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
Hazard my royall bloud for thee to be
My greateſt ſhame, the ſcandall of my blood,
Whil'ſt rumour crownes me king of infamy;
But I will be reueng'd, watch gentle Lord,
When next I ſee them, they ſhall taſt of death,
Such power hath baſeneſſe ouer great defame
That monarches cannot couer their own ſhame.

Exit Cypres.

Epy. My plot yet holds a true proportion,
And I do ſee, and euen way to rule,
A crowne like a bould champion bids me on,
And fame ſhall chronicle mine enterpriſe:
The Queene being dead, I muſt oppoſe my ſelfe,
Againſt her tyrant husband, thats my claime
And with ſtrong courage, ſtand the ſhocke of warre:
If of my ſelfe I can withſtand the King,
Then all the Land will flocke vnto mine aide, if not,
The king is Gods annointed, my head fits the blocke,
And thats the worſt, yet future times will tell,
I ſunke not ſleightly, for a crowne I fell. *Exit Epyre.*

Enter Meſſant, and a guard of watchmen.

Me. Come on my maſters, you know the tenure of the kings cõmand,
And what in this great buſineſſe you muſt do,
Which is to keep him ſafe, and not vouchſafe
That any creature ſpeake or viſit him,
Till he be brought to the preſence of the king,
You muſt not ſtart for bountie nor for threats.

No though he say he is a noble man,
As it may be, he may proue mightie borne,
Yet what for that? you must performe your office
Or else expect to tast sharp punishment.

1 *Watch.* Tut, feare not my Lord, wee that haue had *Cerberus* office so many yeares vnder a gate, are not to learne now to play eithe diules or tyrants, let vs but see him, and then take no care for his safety

2 *Watch.* Nay hee shall bee put into safe keeping, for my wife shal take charge of him.

Enter Alphonso in the Orators clothes.

Me. Tis well deui'sd, see where he comes,
He may not see my presence, thinke vpon't,
Your charge is trusty, and of mighty waight.
Farewell. *Exit Meshant.*

1 *Watch.* Feare not: come my hearts, compasse him about, and ceaze on him all at once, like so many Rauens on a dead horse.

Alp. Now an eternall sleep, an apoplex, a swound
Ceaze on their senses, who in this disguise
Shall view or note my vile deformitie.
I was bewitcht with spels to my misfortune:
Or else starre crost with some hagges hellishnesse.
Sure I said my prayers, ris'd on my right side,
Wash't hands and eies, put on my girdle last;
Sure I met no splea-footed baker,
No hare did crosse me, nor no bearded witch,
Nor other ominous signe, O then why
Should I be thus damn'nd in the diuels nets?
I'st possible? this habit which I weare
Should become any man, now of my soule,
I loath to see my selfe, and willingly
I would euen vomit at my counteneance.

1 *Watch.* Stand sir, we arrest you.

Alp. Arrest me, why I iniure no man but my selfe.

2 *Watch.* You are the more vnkind, he that wrongs himselfe, will not sticke to wrong the whole world also.

1 *Wa.* Nay ſtriue not, for we arreſt you by vertue of the Kings commiſſion.

Alp. Well my maſters be carefull, you may miſtake me.

2 *Wa.* Indeed it is no maruaile, you are ſo like other men.

Alp. Indeed at this time, I am hardly like one of Gods making.

1 *Wa.* Faith and I am ſure you are no man of a good taylors making, you are but peeſt worke.

Alp. Well yet I may hap to proue a noble man.

2 *Wa.* A whoremaſter or an vnthrift, away with him, and let no man catachiſe him vpon paine of my diſplaeſure. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Epyre alone.

Epy. Roule on the chariot wheeles of my deere plots,
And beare mine ends to their deſired markes:
As yet thers not a rub of wit, a gulfe of thought,
No rockie miſconſtruction, thorny amaze,
Or other let of any doubtfulneſſe;
As yet thy way is euen ſmoth and plaine,
Like the greene Ocean, in a ſilent calme.
Bleſſed credulity, thou great God of errour,
That art the ſtrong foundation of huge wrongs;
To thee giue I my vowes and ſacrifice,
By thy great deity he doth beleeue
Falſhoods, that falſhoods ſelfe could not inuent,
And from that misbeleefe doth draw a courſe
To ouerwhelme euen vertue, truth and ſanctitie.
Let him go on bleſt ſtarres, tis meet he fall,
Whoſe blindfold iudgement hath no guid at all.
But O theſe ſhadowes haue bewitchted long,
To threat and not to do, doth malice wrong;
And ſee heere comes the Queene.

Enter the Queene, Mariana and other Ladies.

Qu. My Lord the Duke, your preſence and my wiſh,
Iumpe in an euen line together: come we muſt to cardes,

I haue ſome crownes I needs muſt loſe to you.

Epy. I humbly beſeech your highneſſe pardon me,
I haue important buſineſſe of the Kings,
Which doth command mine inſtant diligence.

Ma. Brother, indeede you ſhall attend the Queene,
Another time will ſerue thoſe ſtate diſpatches.

Epy. Siſter content you, the affaires of ſtate
Muſt giue their beſt attendance on the times,
And great occurrents muſt not loſe their minutes.

Ma. Now ile ſtand to it, that to be a ſtates man or a lawier, is to b
of the moſt thankleſſe occupation that euer was deriu'd from humai
inuention.

Que. Why I pray thee wench?

Ma. Becauſe they beſtow all the laborious toile of the minde vn
till they be forty, that they may liue impriſon'd in a ſtudy chambe
till they be fourteſcore, onely this worlds Mammon, which is grea
name and riches, like a ſtring betweene a gallie ſlaues legs, is the on
ly eaſe of their fetters.

Que. A notable conſtruction of a noble labor: but ſhall we not hau
your company my Lord?

Epy. My ſeruice Madam, but my preſence the King hath imploid
onely if you pleaſe, I will ſend Prince *Philocles* to your Maieſtie.

Que. No creature better for his skill in play,
Is equall with our knowledge, good my Lord,
Send him to my priuy chamber preſently.

Exit Queene and Mariano. Enter Philocles.

Epy. I will, and ſend affliction after him,
And ſee where he comes, My Lord your preſence hath
Saued me much labour, and a little care,
I was in queſt for your faire company:
The Queene my Lord intreats you earneſtly
You will attend her in her priuy chamber.

Phi. Vnto what end?

Epy. Only to waſte ſome time at cards with her,

he lasie howers stick heauy on her thoughts,
hich she would lose with some forgetfulnesse.
Phi. Faith,& play nere relisht worse within my thoghts,
know not how, but loaden heauinesse
rawes me to be in loue with melancholy.
Epy. The fitter for you with more light sports
o chace that bloud consumer from your brest,
ho with a honnie poison doth deuoure,
nd kill the very life of liuelihood.
Phi. Tis true,& therfore shall your counsaile tutor me.
here is her Maiesty? (pect you.
Epy. Gone to her priuie chamber where she doth ex-
Phi. I will attend her presently. *Exit Phi.*
Epy. Doe,and I will attend thee to thy graue,
oore shallow Lord, by much too vertuous.
loe, whose within there? *Enter Florio.*
Flo. Your graces pleasure.
Epy. Go tell his Maiesty that I must speake with him.
Flo. I go.

Enter aloft to cardes the Queene and Philoeles.

Que. Come my Lord take your place, here are cards,and here are
ny crownes.
Phi. And here are mine, at what game will your Maiesty play?
Qu. At moun saint.
Phi. A royall game,and worthy of the name,
And meetest euen for Saincts to exercise:
Sure it was of a womans first inuention.
Qu. It is not Saint,but Cent, taken from hundreds.
Phi. True,for mongst millions hardly is found one saint
Qu. Indeede you may allow a double game,
But come lift for the dealing,it is my chance to deale.
Phi. An action most, most proper to your sex.

Enter Cypres.

Cy. How now my waking dragon, thou whose eies

Doe

Doe neuer fall or close through Lethean sleepe.
What is there a *Hercules* that dare to touch,
Or enter the Hesperian Rosaries?

Epy. Speak softly gentle Lord behold, behold
The sillie birds are tangled in your snare,
And haue no way to scape your punishment:
See how her eies doe court him, and his lookes pay to her
loue a double interest: fie fie, they are toe blame.

Que. What are you my Lord?

Phi. Your highnes seruant, but misfortunes slaue.

Que. Your game I meane.

Phi. Nothing in show, yet somewhat in account,
Madam I am blanke.

Qu. You are a double game, and I am no lesse, theres an hundred, & all cards made but one knaue.

Epy. Marke that, of my life she meanes your Maiesty.

Cy. True, I know she holds me as her varlet,
And that I am imperfit in her game,
But my reuenge shall giue me better place,
Beyond the hate of her foule impudence.

Epy. Nay good my Lord obserue, they will confirme you better.

Qu. Whats your game now?

Phi. Foure Kings as I imagine.

Qu. Nay I haue two, yet one doth me little good.

Phi. Indeed mine are 2 Queenes, & one Ile throw away.

Epy. Doth your Maiesty marke that?
You are the King that she is wearie of,
And my sister the Queene that he will cast away.

Phi. Can you decard Madam?

Qu. Hardly but I must doe hurt.

Phi. But spare not any to confirme your game.

Epy. Would you haue more plaine proofe of their foule treason?
They doe not plot your highnes death alone.

Cy. But others which they thinke depend on me.

Epy. My selfe and those which doe you seruices,
They are bloudy minded, yet for my selfe,

ere it not for your saftie, I could wish
u would remit and blot these errors out,
hope that time would bring them to more vertue.
Cy. O then thou didst not loueme, nor thy faith
oke hold vpon my scandals, fie I am mad,
am'd and disgrac't, all wit-stung, wisdomlesse.
ithin there ho?

Enter Florio.

Flo. Did your maiesty call?
Cy. Go instantly, (nay doe not looke sad or pale,
either dispute with me nor with thy thoughts:
ut as thou lou'st thy life, effect my will)
all all my guard, ascend the Queenes priuie chamber,
nd in my name arrest her and Prince *Philocles* of treason:
Make no delay but in thy diligence
hew how thou dost respect me, arrested once,
Conuey them vnto straitest prison: away.

Exit Florio.

For you my Lord, go instantly prepare,
And summon all the Princes of our land
Vnto an instant Parliament, where we
Will haue them both condemn'd imediately,
Without their answeres plaints or pitiousnes.
Since womens teares doe blunt reuenges sword,
I will not see nor heare thē speake one word. *Ex. Cy. Epy.*

Enter Florio and a guard aloft to the Queene and Philocles

Flo. Madam and Prince *Philocles*, in the Kings name I arrest you both of high treason.
Phi. He lies that saith I euer knew the word.
Que. I pray thee doe not affright me gentle Lord,
Thy words doe cary death euen in their sound.
Flo. Madam I am most sorrie tis my fortune,
But what I doe is by the Kings commission.

Que.

Que. Whence is that warrant grounded, or whats our treason?
Flo. I am his instrument but not his counsailor.
Que. Witnesse my teares that I am innocent.
Phi. Madam be patient, that we doe not know,
Wee haue no cause to grieue at, as for enuies toile,
Let her euen break her owne gall with desire,
Our innocence is our preuention.
Be cheerefull Madam, tis but some villains sound,
Made onely to amaze, not to confound.
And what must wee doe my Lord?
Flo. To prison are the words of my commission.
Phi. Then leade the way; he hath of griefe no sense,
Whose conscience doth not know of his offence.

Act. 5. *Scene.* 1. *Musique.*

Enter at one dore Epyre, at another Mariana.

Epyre.

HOw now mad sister, your deare loue is condemn'd,
A sweete adulterer.
Ma. How, condemd before their tryall?
Epy. No, they were condemnd by Act of Parliament.
Ma. I doe not hold thee brother for a man,
For it is reasonlesse to mock calamity,
If he die innocent, thrice happy soule;
If guilty, weepe, that man should so transgresse:
Nature of reason thus much doth importune,
Man should partake in griefe with mans misfortune.
Epy. For him, if ere mine eies weep, may they drop out
And leaue my body blinder then my sense:
Pittie my foe the ruine of my house,
My valours scandall, and mine honours poison!
No let him fall, for bloud must still quench lust,
Law hath condemd him, then his death is iust.

Ma. Spit out that monſter enuy, it corrupts you,
And mildly heare me anſwere for my loue,
What did he gainſt you was not honourable,
Which you gainſt him would not haue gladly done?
Will you hate him for acting your owne thoughts?
Can it be ill in him yet good in you?
Let reaſon waigh this difference, then youle find
His honor poizes downe his infamy.

Epy. Canſt thou loue him that brought thee to thy death?

Ma. No like a God he made me with his breath.

Epy. Did he not win thy loue and then reiect thee?

Ma. His honor not his loue doth now neglect me.

Epy. Fond maid thy fooliſh dotage doth miſtake him.

Ma. Hell ſhall haue mercie ere I will forſake him.

Epy. Farewell then ſiſter, friend to my greateſt foe,
Reuenge ſtrikes home, being ended with one blow.

Exit Epy.

Ma. Preuention thou beſt midwife to misfortune,
Vnfold this vgly monſters treachery,
And let his birth be ominous ſtrooke dead,
Ere it haue being in this open world:
Loues commands nature, brother pardon me,
Thine enuy dies by my loues liberty.
Inuention (hart of wit) poſſeſſe my braine,
For treaſon is to treaſon her owne bane.
And you bright heauens, now aid me in my plots,
That truth may ſhine through falſhoods leporous ſpots.
My life Ile hazard to redeeme my loue,
Firme conſtancy like rocks can neuer moue.
Be bold then maiden hart in his defence
He ſaued thy life, thy life's his recompence.
My wit and hopes haue furniſht me with all
The helpes of art, to bring forth treaſons fall.
Now to the meanes: ſome ſay that gold hath power,
To enter without force a gateleſſe tower,
And Ile try that, which if it take faſt hold,

Ile neuer blame them more that doate on gold.
Hoe, whose within there? *Enter Gailer.*

Ga. Who calles, what would you haue? I thought you were a woman you were so hasty: O Madam is it you? I cry you mercie.

Ma. My griefe speakes loud sir, and my swift desire
Ore rules my tongue, makes it keepe time with thought,
I long to see a prisoner in this ill built house.

Ga. What prisoner Madam?

Ma. The worthy Prince, the famous *Philocles.*

Ga. Madame I dare not, without especiall warrant.

Ma. I haue my brothers strong commission, hold there is gold.

Ga. This golden calfe is an excellent Idoll; and fewe of my profession but serues it, this dumb god giues tongue to all men, wit to all mē, honour to any man, but honesty to no man; and therefore as for honesty I meane not to deale with so deare a commodity, but leaue it to my better: Madam those staires direct you to his lodging.

Ma. I thanke you sir. *Exit Mariana.*

Ga. This is a worthy Lady to giue thus much for the bare sight of a man in affliction, if he were at liberty it were nothing: but being as it is, it is most bountifull, but it may be it is for the past houres of former recreations, well let it be what it shall be, I am sure it was not that I should hold this disputation: but see here she comes againe.

Enter Philocles in Marianaes attire, and Mariana in his.

Phi. Madame my soule cannot consent to leaue
Your life in this great hazard, nor can death
Carie such vgly shape as doth the thought
That you are left in this extremity:
Indeede I will not leaue you.

Ma. Will you grow mad? what shall your nobler spirit
Which is the schoole of wisdome grow so fond,
As to reuolt from all our happines?
Our plots you know, and how to manage cares,
Whose true euents haue true proportions.

Then deare Lord rest resolu'd, the Gailer ouer heares:
Liue you with safetie, most worthy maid farewell.
Phi. Farewell faire Prince; thanks M. Iayler and a kind commend.
Gai. As much vnto your Ladiship. So now Ile lock my dores.

Exit Mar. Phi. and Gailer.

Enter Cypres, Meshant, Florio and attendants.

Cy. Is our commission, as wee gaue in charge,
Deliuered ore to the Corigidors?
Me. It is, and with such strictnes and aduice,
For speedy execution of the same,
That by this time I know they are in the way
Vnto their execution, for the hower
Of death doth runne vpon his lateste minutes.
Cy. Tis well: for till their shameleste liues haue end,
There can no comfort creepe into my thoughts,
Or ought saue mischief keepe me company.
Why was I borne to this malignity
And lowneste of base fortune? yet my place
Aboue the leuell of the vulgars sight,
O it is but to let me know thus much,
That those which ly within the richest graues
Were at the best but fortunes glorious slaues.
But see, here comes my shame.

Enter Corigidors, Queene and Philocles bound, and a guard of halberts with the executioner.

Que. My deareste Lord.
Cy. Passe and respect me not lasciuious woman,
Thy teares are of the speares of Crocodils,
See how I stop mine eares against thy plaints,
And glue mine vnderstandings from thy charmes,
Nay call on him thou hast offended most,
Mercy from me were worse then cruelty.
Qu. My deareste dreade, my best best soueraigne,

Whom

Whom I haue nere offended but with zeale
And constant loue, loyall and honorable,
Vouchsafe me though a Queene a subiects right,
And let me know for what offence I perish.
Cyp. For thine adulterat and monstrous lust,
Shamefull and grosse and most vnsufferable.
Qu. Who doth accuse vs?
Cyp. Our selfe, and our owne soule that haue beheld
Your vile and most lasciuious passages.
Ma. O that my tongue would not betray my knowledge
Then would I amaze them all with mine assertions:
Madame, challenge the law.
Qu. My gratious Lord, since no desert in me,
Can merit your beliefe, nor that your eie,
Can rightly iudge my pure complexion:
Yet as your handmaid, let me beg the right,
Due vnto wretches from our countries lawes.
Cyp. The tenure of the law you do demand.
Qu. That in the case of slander, where the proofe
Proceedes as much from enuy as from truth,
We are allow'd our champions to defend
Our innocence, with a well ordered sword.
Cyp. I lookt for this obiection and allow it,
Nor am I vnprouided for your best
And strongest hope in any victory; Lords attend in my Champion.

Here the noble men go forth, and bring in the Duke of Epire like a combatant.

Qu. Will you my Lord approue the Kings assertion.
Epy. Madame, although against the nature of my spirit,
And my first duty, bound to your allegeance,
Yet now compeld by duty and by truth,
I must of force become your opposite.
Qu. Thou art no true Italian, nor true gentleman,
Thus to confound the glory of thy iudgement.

ath not that arme which now is arm'd against me
hat valour, spirit, iudgement and that worth,
Which onely makes you worthy, stood t'approue
lore then my selfe will challenge to my vertues?
nd are you now basely turnd retrograde?
Vell, I perceiue ther's nought in you but spleene,
nd times obseruance, still to hold the best:
till I demand the Law.

Cyp. And you shall haue it in the amplest manner. Sound cornets.

Heere the cornets sound thrice, and at the third sound, enters Philocles disguised like a combatant.

Flo. There is a cõbatant on the defẽdãts part, your maiesties pleasure,

Cyp. Giue him his oath according to the lawes.

Flo. Are the faire ends of this your warlike posture,
To proue the innocence of these two condemnd?
So help you Ioue.

Phi. They are.

Cyp. Then giue the warlicke signall to the fight.

Heere the combate being fought, Philocles ouercomes the Duke.

Phi. Thou art my slaue, either confesse or die.

Epi. Didst thou speake true, I would not sound a word
To saue the world from cinders; yet that thou maiest
With more resolued fury murder me,
This I confesse, twas I that onely stird,
Out of strong falshoods hate and iealousie
The kings eternall wrath, and made him thinke
Vntruths, that euen vntruth would not suggest:
And all my malice sprung from that Prince *Philocles*.

Phi. No twas from me that still am *Philocles*.

Cyp. My *Philocles*, my Queene, O double pardon me,
My iealousie, his enuy, and your vertues:

Are ſprung from ſuch impatient contraries,
I cannot reconcile them; yet O pardon me:
My faith in life ſhall make you recompence:
For thee rare *Mariana*; thou haſt wrought
A worke of noble conſtant magnitude.
As for this monſter, this my tempting diuell,
Whoſe forfait life is witneſſe to his ſhame:
I giue his life and fortunes to the Queene,
She whom his malice would haue brought to death,
Shall now be iudge and Iurer of his breath.

Ma. In which commiſſion, (madame) let it be inrold
He is my brother and my beſt of blood.

Qu. And onely that is charter for his life:
Liue enuious Lord, more enuious then th'art great,
Liue to lament thy worſt of wretchedneſſe,
Liue to repent, ſince this I certaine know:
Thine owne gald conſcience will be thy worſt woe.

Enter a guard of watchmen with Alphonſo.

1 *Watch.* Come bring him away, thruſt him forward, though fauour and a great purſe were againſt him.

Cyp. How now, what tumult haue we there?

2 *Watch.* And it pleaſe your maieſtie we haue brought you heere a ſlip a peece of falſe coine: one that is neither ſtampt with true coine for his excuſe, nor with good clothes for his redemption.

Cyp. Alphonſo, in the name of madnes how comes this *Metamorphoſis*? Nay ſtand forth, diſcourſe, if thou doſt lie, thou art mine enemy.

Me. Nay more, if thou ſticke in any bogge, and by a tricke ſeeke to wind out, I will diſcouer you.

Alph. This coniuration (beleeue it my Lord) ſhall make me leap out of all fetters, and briefly thus I haue long time loued the faire wife of the Orator; & hauing no opportunity but his abſence at the ſenate, I tooke that ſeaſon: hee out of negligence, omitting his papers returnd vnſeaſonably, found mee inſufficiently, and forſt mee to take ſanctuary ſtrangely, which howeuer I purchaſt, yet hee found mine

Apparrell

pparrell, and miſtaken in the tenure, reacht it preſently, put it on im-
ediatly: and now in the ſenat houſe is pleading in it ſeriouſly.

Cyp. I cannot blame him, you hauing got ſo much within his in-
ard garment.

Me. Of all which my Lord, I being (in a ſtrict conceit) a baudy wit-
neſſe: and hauing both from the Orators ſcornes and delaies receiued
many indignities; though by this diſcouery to cry quittance with my
proud enemy.

Cyp. And you haue amply done, yet this ieſt,
So perfit doth deſerue more memory.
Florio, go bid the Orator attend vs preſently. *Exit Flo.*
And now to you *Drap* and *Velous*, I did
Referre you long ſince to the Orator.
Yet I note your attention: come there is
Some too cloſe fiſted hardnes in your hearts,
You gripe too hard, your bribes will not disburſe,
Come tell me truely, as you looke for heauen,
What muſt you pay for your diſpatches?

Dra. Ve. A thouſand crownes we offred willingly.

Cyp. And will your ſuit auaile with ſuch disburſment?

Dra. Ve. It will, and we moſt richly ſatisfied.

Cyp. Will you beſtow the money on our ſelfe,
We will ſee the buſineſſe perfited.

Dra. Ve. With all our hearts, and be full ioy'd thereat, heere are the
crownes.

Cyp. You ſhall haue your diſpatches.

Enter Prat and Florio.

See heere comes the Orator, *Prat* come hither.
Theſe Gentlemen whom long ſince I referd
To Your diſpatches, are yet vnſatisfied.

Prat. Alas my Lord the ſtate,

Cyp. I know imploies you, yet theres many minutes
May giue your beſt cares leaſure; come there is
Some odde disburſe, ſome bribe, ſome gratulance,
Which makes you looke vp leaſure, come tell true,
What bribe muſt they giue, what is your vtmoſt price?

Prat.

Pra. But fiue hundred crownes of my beſt conſcience.
Cyp. Tut it is nothing, hold heere is the coine,
And let them haue their pattens preſently:
Or looke to looſe both place and ſoueraignty.
Prat. Legions of diuels haunt their dilligence.
Cyp. Fie, I would not haue a man of your high place,
Or for reſpect of wealth or baſe obſeruance
In ſmalleſt things thus to neglect your credit.
Why looke you my Lords, this Orator is not like others of his rank
Who from their ganiſh and fantaſticke humours,
Go thorow the ſtreets, ſpotted in peacocks plumes,
Wearing all colours, laces, broderies,
Sattans and ſilkes, ſo antike garniſhed,
That when their gownes are off, you cannot finde
In Italy a maſter ſhapt more nice.
But this fellow *Frate*, heer's of another ſort,
Cloth'd like himſelfe, demure and ſoberly:
Nay you ſhall ſee him for a preſident.

Vngownes the Orator.

Paſſion of mine eie-ſight, who haue we heere?
This is *Alphonſo*, ther's th. Orator.
Pra. Heart of impatience, I am then a Cuckold,
A ſcorne, a by word and a laughing ſtocke.
What is my wife turnd whore? and muſt her depth
Be ſounded by the plumes of forrainers?
Well, the reuenge that I will take for this my ſhame,
Shall make all whores hereafter dread my name.
Cyp. Not for thy life, not for my loue I charge thee:
Thy wife is honeſt, chaſt and verteous:
Onely this wanton Lord, with luſt and coine
Hath much attempted, but preuaild in nought,
For proofe ſee heere the crownes hee would haue giuen
T'haue purchaſ'd her beds honour, but ſhe would not,
Which I beſtow on you for recompence.
Therefore as thou doſt hope my grace to finde,
So to thy wife, be louing, gentle kinde.

at. Your maieſtie may mould me to your pleaſure.
p. I thanke you and will quittance it.
N Meſhant, we reſtore to you your lands,
r honours and neere places, next our ſelfe,
all that feele diſtaſte in any ſore,
giue to cure them, all our grace and fauour,
Thus ſtormes bring gentle ſun-ſhine, and our hands,
May after ſhipwracke bring vs to ſafe lands.

FINIS.